

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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LAUSANNE AND THE WORLD

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BOB BARTLETT GOES BACK

THE MAN WHO MISSED
THE POLEAnd the Man Who Left His
Friend Behind

PEARY'S SNOW BABY

Captain Bartlett, who was Robert Peary's skipper, is on his way once more to the Arctic regions.

He takes with him a 60-foot stone shaft which is to be erected on the northernmost tip of Cape York at the upper end of Melville Bay in Greenland in memory of Admiral Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole.

With him goes also the child, now grown to a woman with sons of her own, who was born to the Pearys in the Arctic Circle and whom the Eskimos christened the Snow Baby. The snow baby, Mrs Marie Peary Stafford, will see the monument put up. Her boys will look on the place where their grandfather set out to add the coping-stone to his twenty years struggle to reach the Pole.

With her Mrs Stafford is taking the flag of the Society of Women Geographers. The flag, which thus makes its first voyage, is a blue-and-white pennant with a sphere showing the eastern contour of the Western Hemisphere, the North Star, the Southern Cross, and the letters S.W.G.

Nearly Perfect

Admiral Peary's wife and the family have given the memorial. Captain Bartlett, who might well regard himself as one of them, has lent his schooner *Morrissey* to take the stone shaft and the Snow Baby and her sons.

If a man's character can be judged from the testimony of the friend who stood at his side in hours of need and tribulation, then Peary was a great man. Old Bob Bartlett's tribute to him was ungrudging. "Captain Peary was the finest man I have ever known," he said of his old leader. "He was as nearly perfect a man as they make them. He never changed, never got excited. He was equal to any emergency and always rose to the job. He could not be downed. Some people say he never reached the Pole. His word is good enough for me; it is good enough for any man."

The Last Stage

The reason why Bob Bartlett must take his old commander's word for it that the Pole was reached is that Peary, when within striking distance of the Pole, sent Bartlett back and travelled the last stage accompanied only by a Negro.

It was indeed a desperate dash to achieve the object for which his whole life had been a preparation. Over the hummocky icefield the going had proved terribly difficult, progress painfully slow. Peary and his companion had to trust to making greater speed than had been possible before, and to trust to their

good fortune in not being hampered by any sudden bad weather. The chance was taken, the goal won.

We may say at once that our own Royal Geographical Society, after mature consideration of Peary's maps, plans, and observations, accepted the fact that he reached the Pole, and it does so now. The doubts expressed came from Peary's own countrymen, and it can be regarded only as unfortunate that, whatever may have been the reasons guiding him, he did not take Captain Bartlett with him on the last stage.

But a word should be said about the chivalry of the man who was left behind. Bob Bartlett might have gone down to history as the sharer with Peary of the honour of being the first white men to set foot on the North Pole. Instead of that he was sent back. But he will never go back on his friend, and he may be assured that he will never slip back out of the affections of his countrymen. He is a noble fellow, a great explorer, a man among men.

The Goose Girl



This charming picture of a goose girl and her charges takes us back to other days. They appeared in a historical pageant at Kidlington in Oxfordshire.

AN IDLE MAN FINDS WORK TO DO

IN THE CAVE OF A
BANDIT CHIEFHow Three Unemployed Helped
Those Who Helped Them

A GIFT TO SCIENCE

From Our Hungarian Correspondent

C.N. readers, who have been well prepared to believe in the idea of work for every man, may be interested to hear of three Hungarian unemployed who have tried to return work for the help they have received.

They have excavated a prehistoric settlement of great value, including the bones of a baby (the first in its kind to be found) of about the same age as the Neanderthal man, about 100,000 years.

Caves in the Hills

Last winter the Governor of the county of Heves received an unusual application for help from an unemployed tradesman in Egor, who said he wanted money to carry on some excavations with two friends. He had once been employed for such work by an eminent geologist, and thus had gathered a fair amount of knowledge on the subject. Now he had his eyes on some caves in the neighbouring hills which he felt sure it would be worth while to investigate.

Of course the Governor would hear of no such thing, but the man had his knowledge tested by two local professors of geology, and they in turn recommended him for the work proposed. So he and his friends received 300 pengő (a little over £10), and with that they toiled on all the winter.

Midwinter found them in the loneliest parts of the hills, searching a cave which had been a favourite haunt with a famous outlaw in olden times. Yet exposure and privations could not impair the keen vision of our exploring friend, and amid the cluster of stones in the cave he distinguished fragments of chalcedony tools used by primitive man. They set to work and unearthed more tools, bones of many prehistoric animals, and, finally, the remains of a mother and her baby.

Neanderthal Man

A Budapest geologist identified these human relics as contemporaries of the Neanderthal man, and the bones of the baby as of special importance.

The man of science could not say enough in praise of the accuracy and precision with which the excavations had been made, and the next thing he did was to give a new and decent geographical name to the cave, which hitherto had been called after the bandit chief.

Some peasant people, though, will stick to the old name, for today it is helpful to be reminded that outlaws did not always live in skyscrapers!

A C.N. GUINEA Would You Like One?

A case has been brought to our notice of a vicar who preached in a village church for over 60 years, and we have several examples of vicars with half a century of service.

We offer a prize of One Guinea to the reader of the C.N. who first sends us a record of the longest service known in any church.

The facts can usually be obtained from the list of vicars or rectors hanging in the church, so that for once a visit to your church may prove to be worth a guinea to you.

In addition to the guinea we shall be glad to send Ten Shillings to any reader sending us the first news of a case of a vicar with over 60 years of service.

Where the facts are taken from a list of rectors they should be checked, as it is always possible that a name may be missing, and that the dates may therefore be misleading.

THE FOUNDLING FOR EVER

A GOOD DEED IN BAD TIMES

Carrying On the Spirit of Old Captain Coram

CHILDREN'S CORNER OF LONDON

Babies and poor children will never stop playing now in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital in London. The site which old Captain Coram bought for them has been saved, and we may well hope that such a blessing will rest on it in its re-birth that those who run and play there will grow up even happier and healthier than the poor foundlings for whom he made provision.

It is a great spirit and a great cause, that of charity, and it never shines brighter than when it responds to the cry of the children. Many waters cannot quench it. It has risen above the waves of depression of the rather hard times through which the world is passing. Nothing is more memorable in the saving of the Foundling Site than the way in which the money for its purchase has come from almost every country in the world and from every sort of people.

The Largest Benefactor

It must never be forgotten that the first step to save it was taken by Lord Rothermere, and that, besides being the largest benefactor, he has done much more than he undertook to do when the appeal after the Lord Mayor's conference last year was launched.

But it is the public at large which, in spite of falling incomes and rising demands on their purses, have dipped into them, and, searching their farthest corners, have brought out their pounds, shillings, and pence—for children they have never seen.

There have been nearly 7000 subscriptions, and they have flowed in from every place the wireless reaches. Some donors have given as much as £25,000. It is the best investment they have ever made, for it is laid up where dividends never fall, in the heart and conscience of the giver.

The Ratepayer's Share

Schoolchildren and old-age pensioners have brought their pennies. Some, unwearied in well-doing, have given five, six, and seven times over. We like to think that the very last drop in the bucket was added by the Scouts and the Guides in their show on the site itself.

But let us not forget the great, perhaps the greatest, share taken by the rate-burdened Londoner. It was he who subscribed through his Borough Councils, of St Pancras, Holborn, and Finsbury, and through other organisations less directly concerned. He will have to pay, and has not yet finished paying, through the rates.

But that, as Kipling says, "is how he'd have it be." This is his city, these are its children, and his. When, as in a case like this, it is brought home to him that one of London's memories and monuments is to be wiped out in the flow of bricks and mortar he does not hesitate.

A Proud Tradition

He will not have it done. We have a fancy that the story of the Foundling Hospital, of all that it was, and all that it did, and of all its children going out bravely into the world instead of being lost in misery and poverty, is one that has a place in every Londoner's remembrance.

It is good to think that future generations of Londoners will look back on the work of 1932 and say that, in keeping the Foundling Site safe for the children of their day, this generation has not been unmindful of great London's proud tradition.

NEWS OF BRER RABBIT

True Story of a Little Wild Friend

REMARKABLE SCENE AT A VICARAGE

This little story did not happen to St Francis, though it is almost difficult to believe that it did not. It happened to a country clergyman who believes that a rabbit is not only a rabbit: he is Brer Rabbit, as man is brother man.

Well, one day that cruel hunter the cat brought into the vicarage a rabbit which was discovered to be still living. The cat was chased away in disgrace, and Brer Rabbit was examined by Brer Man. Apparently he didn't seem to be injured, but was only suffering from shock. So he was nursed back to convalescence, and finally to restored nerves again, in the study; and then the vicar (his nurse) took him gently up and put him in a little shrubbery which surrounded the garden.

But Brer Rabbit's perilous adventures were not yet over.

Excitement in the Drive

Next day, when crossing the hall, the vicar heard a yelping and an excited barking outside the open front door, and on going to it he saw his own fox-terrier dishonouring the name of Kim by chasing a rabbit up the drive toward the house. And then the amazing thing happened.

Instead of the little rabbit passing by into the shrubbery he made a sudden swerve for the front door, and crouched down at the feet of his rescuer of yesterday, for it was the same rabbit!

One has never, probably, heard of a story quite the same, and it may sound hard to believe, but it is a true tale. Once more Brer Rabbit was cared for until his startled eyes and beating heart became less frightened; and this time Brer Man took him to fields farther away—out of reach of such wild beasts as cats and dogs, where we hope he lived happily ever after.

THE WONDERFUL RING

An Electric Current Comes To London

A ring of lead the size of a shilling was brought to England the other day by aeroplane.

It was very cold, and when lead is within a few degrees of absolute zero it becomes exceedingly conductive. Currents of electricity started in a ring of metal in this state will continue undiminished in intensity as long as the metal remains in the super-conductive state.

This ring of lead, in which a comparatively heavy current had been induced, came from the cryogenic laboratory at Leyden for Professor McLennan's lecture at the Royal Institution in London. It was immersed in liquid helium, in a Dewar flask, and this was surrounded with liquid air in another vessel, this being again surrounded with liquid air in a third vessel. The ring arrived safely, with its electric current gaily whirling round and round it; and, kept cold enough, the electric current would continue to flow through the lead for ever and a day.

A KETTLE WHICH TELLS HOW HOT IT IS

A new paint has been invented that tells by its colour how hot it is.

A kettle painted with the material (which is a mixture of salts of mercury and copper) looks bright red when cold, but as it warms up above 140° degrees it becomes maroon coloured. Twenty degrees higher it takes on a dull chocolate hue, and at boiling-point becomes quite black. As it cools the colour comes back.

THREE WISE NATIONS

Leading the Way at Lausanne

TARIFF WALLS DOWN BY HALF

Three little nations have led the way at Lausanne.

Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg have agreed to pull down their tariff walls.

It is not part of the Conference of Lausanne, but as the first definite piece of good news for that town, where the Convention was signed, it has been hailed by the world as a hopeful sign. All the great nations have now to do is to follow the lead of the small ones. Once more it is true that a little child shall lead them.

The three wise nations have agreed to reduce their tariffs against each other by ten per cent each year for five years. That is a beginning, and we may be sure the process will be quickened up and carried farther still. One of the great citadels of British Tariff policy has welcomed the move as the first success of British Tariffs, which means that the object of British Tariffs is to bring down tariffs everywhere.

It is a queer spectacle, but it has always been believed by many people that the only way to bring a tariff-ridden world to its senses was to strangle trade entirely by tariffs so that only a lunatic could refuse to see the folly of building these high walls against trade.

The three nations have agreed to accept any other nation as a party to their scheme, and it now remains for our own country, and any other, to join their march to the New Prosperity.

THE FOUDOUK OF FEZ

Lodging For Donkeys and Men

At the ordinary inn a man may be lodged with his beast, but at the Foudouk of Fez in North Africa a beast may be lodged with his man. The Foudouk is primarily for animals, but their owners may stay there too.

A French lady, wife of an official stationed in Fez, struck by the sad, neglected state of the donkeys, mules, and dogs of the region, had the idea that a place where they could be properly cared for would serve as an object-lesson to the people of Fez and gradually change their attitude toward animals. An American lady agreed to help put this idea into effect, and a little more than a year ago the Foudouk was opened, offering lodging to 80 guests.

Already the institution has had its effect; the Moors are treating their beasts of burden more considerately because of it.

WHO WILL MEND TOMORROW'S CLOCKS?

It is all very well to make clocks go by electricity, but who is to mend them when they go wrong?

It is fairly certain that in a very few years there will be no more clocks which have to be wound up, but the clock-makers are feeling very worried because the electrical companies are making arrangements to do the repairs to clocks run from the electric supply current.

The Lancashire jewellery circles have taken the matter up very seriously, for it looks as if one of our oldest trades, that of the clock-mender, may disappear.

THE RIGHTS OF THE SPECTATOR

It has been decided by the Court of Appeal that spectators at sports take their own risk of being injured. If a cricket ball hits a spectator he cannot secure compensation; if a motor-cyclist, in his race for speed, dashes into a group of people they cannot claim against the authorities. They are there by choice, realising the risks they run.

HOPE FOR MINERS

WILL OUR SHIPPING HELP THEM?

New Fuel From the Mixing of Coal Dust With Oil

EXPERIMENT ON A LINER

A most hopeful report comes from the British shipping industry that may mean renewed employment for thousands of British miners.

As we have before recorded in the C.N., one of the chief losses of our industries since the war has been the substitution of oil for coal as ship fuel. Ships have been increasingly fitted either to burn oil under boilers or to be run with oil motors. As each ship has abandoned coal the work of British miners has been cancelled. Thus tens of thousands of miners have been reduced to finding new trades or living upon unemployment benefit.

A New Invention

Engineers and chemists of the Cunard Company have now invented a new fuel combining coal with oil. The coal is reduced to an almost impalpable degree of fineness, so that it is almost one with the oil with which it is incorporated. Out of each ten parts of the mixture four are coal and six oil.

While this still leaves oil as the chief ship fuel, it restores coal to a very considerable position in the matter.

If the invention fulfils the hopes it inspires British shipping will again call upon British coalmines for an enormous quantity of coal.

When coal is combined with oil in this way the fuel is of a treacle consistency. Combustion is so excellent that very little ash is produced, so that for practical purposes the fuel is as clean in burning as oil.

Checking the Results

A practical test has lately been made with the new fuel in the voyage of the Cunarder Scythia from Liverpool to New York. The Scythia has six boilers, and the new fuel was burned in the furnaces operating one of these, the Cunard Company's combustion engineer travelling in the ship to keep a careful check of the results. A hundred and fifty tons of the fuel were used in the experiment.

The matter is of so much importance that we hesitate to enlarge upon it lest it should not be successful. It would indeed be a bright day for the British coal industry, which means for the nation at large, if coal were thus partially restored to usefulness as fuel at sea.

THINGS SAID

Neither my father nor his father ever tasted alcohol; neither have I.

Young Mr Rockefeller

The honourable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man.

Herr Oswald Spengler

At certain intervals every citizen should appear before a public authority and justify his existence.

Mr Bernard Shaw

Boys can see adventure in a dirty old duck-pond.

The Chief Scout

Ninety per cent of people in the diocese of Accra believe in witchcraft.

Bishop of Accra

I cannot understand why men and women should be sculptured as if they were suffering from elephantiasis.

Dean Inge

I often long for the peace of the sea; every time I open the door I expect to hear of a fresh catastrophe.

John Galsworthy

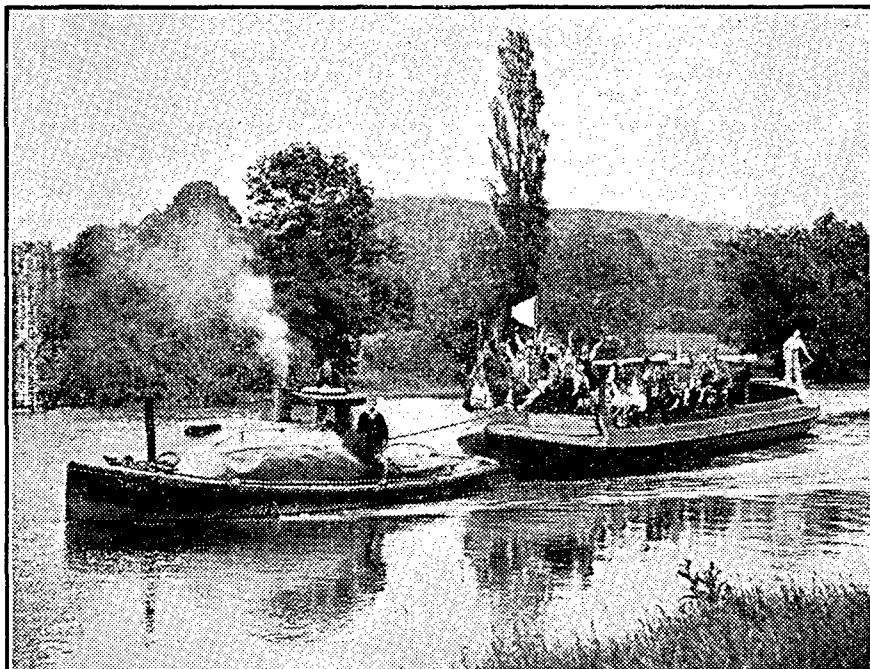
John Peel never hunted a fox in his life . . . the song is all nonsense.

Lord Lonsdale

SCHOOLBOY ACTORS · PICNICS AT RUNNYMEDE · AIRMEN AFLOAT



Airmen Afloat—Fast little motor-boats built for the R.A.F. are here seen passing a liner while they were being tested in Southampton Water. They have eight-horse-power engines.



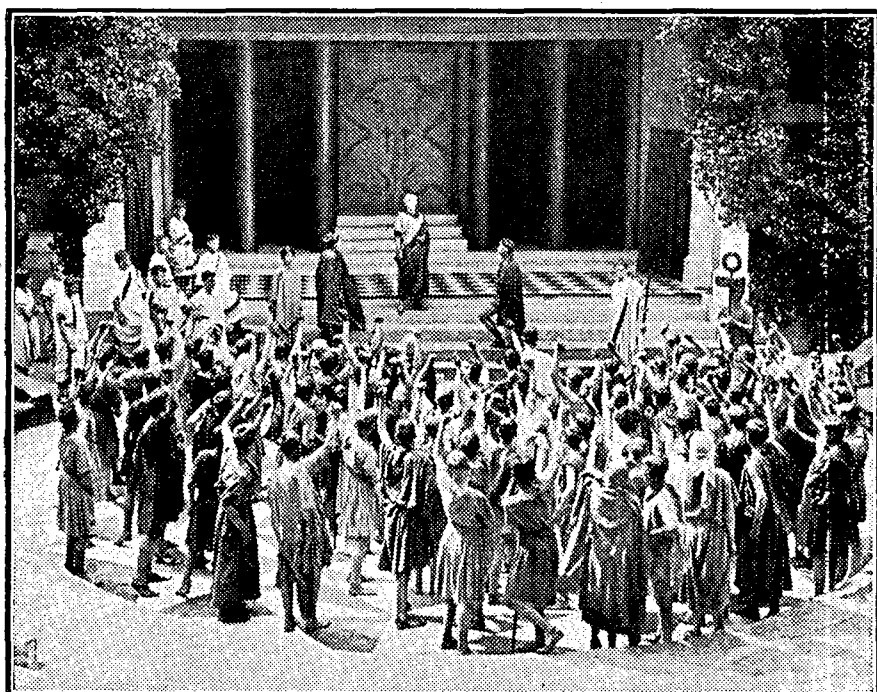
A River School—London schoolboys from Camden Town have been journeying up the Thames to Goring, as shown in this picture. They lived and had their lessons in the barge.



Young Farmers—Four members of a Young Farmers Club were very proud of the calves which they exhibited at an agricultural show in County Londonderry.



A Historic Retreat—The historic field of Runnymede, at Egham, is a favourite resort of London motorists. Hundreds of them picnic at the scene of Magna Carta every fine Sunday.



Schoolboy Actors—Performances of Julius Caesar were given recently by boys of Bradfield College, Berkshire, in their famous open-air theatre, which is constructed on the Greek model. Our picture shows Caesar addressing the citizens.



A Pixie Village—While walking in the Sheffield district a C.N. reader came across this charming little pixie village laid out in a waste corner of an allotment. We commend this admirable way of utilising waste ground to other amateur gardeners and allotment holders.

A FRENCHMAN EVER YOUNG

STARTING AGAIN

Keeping Young By Keeping On,
Whatever Comes

PIERRE CAMESCASSE'S WAY

From a Travelling Correspondent

One of our travelling correspondents has come upon an old man in Paris who is still enjoying the world after one of the most crowded and useful lives ever lived. Our correspondent sends us these notes about him.

Pierre Camescasse began life with almost everything against him. Some 70 years ago he was born in a little house near Lyons, and his parents were so poor that they were unable to send their seven children to school.

Even as a child Pierre's activity was boundless. He was busy every minute, helping here and there, trying his hand at carpentry, drawing, and painting, picking out tunes on a neighbour's piano, for he loved music. He made the most of every opportunity.

An Opportunity Eagerly Seized

He was about 11 when he ran home one day and proudly handed some francs to his mother to help with the rent. He had earned them in the river by teaching people to swim.

Soon after the headmaster of a school in Lyons, attracted by the boy's high intelligence, offered to take him as a boarder and educate him free of charge. It was Pierre's chance in life, and he seized it eagerly.

At first he was very unhappy, for he could not read, and in most subjects the boys of his own age were far ahead of him. But it was not for long. He made up for lost time, and five years later Pierre was chosen to represent this Lyons school at a great competition in chemistry which was held in Paris.

Mother and Son

Then came a glorious day for Pierre. He was told that he had come out at the top of the list and won the prize. He had gained high honour, not only for himself, but for his school. So he arrived home with flying colours. Unhappily, he found that his mother had been taken very ill. She did not recognise him and never recovered consciousness. She did not know of her son's success. The great day was one of the saddest days of his life.

After the death of his mother the family went to live in Paris, and Pierre decided to become a surgeon. This meant the longest period of study he could have chosen, and he had a hard struggle with poverty, giving lessons to pay for his board, studying at night, working at the hospital, and continually helping his brothers and sisters. He often had to refuse invitations because his clothes were threadbare. Even then he found time to learn singing, for a friend discovered he had a good voice.

Amazing Endurance

At 30 Pierre Camescasse had set up in Paris as a surgeon. At 50 he received the Legion of Honour for his fine service at the Front. But his war work proved too much for a man of even his endurance. He had worked day and night in the operating theatre to save the lives and limbs of 4500 wounded, and in the end his health collapsed. He was forced to give up surgery for ever.

Yet not even this was the end of his work; it did not mean that his life of usefulness was over, for there was no end to his determination. He took up painting and won medals at the Salon for the distinction of his work! He has become even now, at his great age, an artist and an art critic, and he is also an expert in voice production, many singers coming to him for advice.

Was ever a life more crowded? Was ever one more wonderful in its use of opportunity, more surprising in its readiness for whatever came along, more worthy of the success that has come to it?

PRECIOUS LEAVES

PICTURES OF THE 13th CENTURY

Six Fine New Possessions For
a Cambridge Museum

WORTH A FORTUNE

It is a strange thought that of all the artists who decorated the lovely books of the thirteenth century the names of only two Englishmen survive, William de Brailes and Matthew Paris.

Six leaves illustrated by Brailes have just been bought by the National Art Collections Fund for £3500 and presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

In Brailes's lively and dramatic style they show the Fall of the Angels, the story of Adam and Eve, the Last Judgment, the Tree of Jesse, and the story of Theophilus, who sold his soul to the Devil, repented, and was saved. These brilliant, spirited pictures were painted about 1240.

In one corner of the Last Judgment scene there is a tiny man, with his head shaved like a monk's, being plucked from the flames by St Michael, and the signature and portrait add tremendously to the interest of the leaves.

England of Beautiful Churches

Perhaps the artist was a little conceited. In a Book of Hours now in a private collection he has painted himself again, and written underneath IV. de Brail qui me depeint.

We know little about him. Probably he came from Brailes in Warwickshire. It is thought that besides illustrating books he made designs for rich embroideries, and perhaps under many coats of whitewash there may be wall paintings by him in some of our churches. No wall painting by him has yet been identified, but his style has been recognised in an embroidered cope.

Brailes was undoubtedly one of the most famous artist craftsmen of his day. He lived in an England of beautiful churches, beautiful houses, beautiful processions, beautiful fabrics, and beautiful books. He must have been a happy man.

We know rather more about the history of these leaves than we know of the artist. They came from a Psalter. At one time they were in France, in the collection of an M.P. who was deputy for Lille, and about whom strange things were whispered. After Lord Ashburnham had bought his collection in 1848 for £8000 it turned out that 60 of the manuscripts had been stolen from the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1901 the collection fetched £33,000.

Dr Cockerell's Discovery

The Brailes leaves, having crossed the Channel twice, now crossed the Atlantic. Luckily they were brought back to join the Chester Beatty collection.

With the present sale of the Chester Beatty collection they would assuredly have gone back to one of the great American connoisseurs, but arrangements were made enabling the National Art Collections Fund to buy them before the open sale.

They are going to the Fitzwilliam Museum because it already has a famous collection of 13th-century illuminated manuscripts. It was the Director of this Museum, Dr Sydney Cockerell, who first discovered the portrait and signature of Brailes and realised the peculiar importance of these leaves.

A POCKET SHEEP-SHEARER

A small machine for shearing sheep, weighing only five pounds, has been invented for use with the lighting battery of a motor-car. Many modern shepherds go to and fro by car, and with such a shearer (attached by a flexible wire to the dashboard) they can remove 12 pounds of fleece in five minutes.

FLING WIDE THE GATES OF HEAVEN

Herman Lunde Passes On

A friend of ours has been on a sorrowful visit to Norway, to stand by the grave of Herman Lunde, Knight of the Order of St Olaf, who last month fell asleep in Oslo after 90 years of life.

This is what he writes of his old hero in the British Weekly.

Fling wide the gates! A warrior, a victor, passes in.

To thousands of his countrymen he was the Grand Old Man of Norway. As a preacher he had been, for far more than the normal span of active service, the best known and the best beloved in his country. As a man he inspired such love and affection that his fame would be hard to parallel in any land.

I want you to picture something much more than a patriarch. But for the grace of God he might have been almost anything rather than a clergyman. He was born with a most fiery, daring spirit. He had the build of a seaman, the springy gait of an athlete. He sailed a yacht as only an expert can. In student days he could keep his seat on any horse, and ski and skate and do and dare with the most reckless of them—or play the guitar as easily as he could compose the words and music for its song. And all his life he remained the sportsman.

A Life's Task

He was ever a fighter, from the day when he defended his luggage with an umbrella on Cardiff docks. To a lady who told him that she wished to become a Roman Catholic, he replied: "That is quite easy, madam. Consult a priest, and it will not take you long to become a Roman Catholic. But do not forget that it will still take all your life to be a Christian, for that is a life's task." And that was just how he felt about it. For him, to be a Christian was to fight all day long.

He preached in Oslo on his ninetieth birthday. The church was packed; the doors were thrown open; the pulpit steps were crowded.

What was the old warrior going to preach about? There was never a doubt in our minds. He had come to tell them of Jesus and His Love.

I don't suppose that any man ever received more confidences. He was so warm-hearted, he had such a genius for helping people, that they flocked to him with every kind of difficulty.

Here is a snapshot.

A Bouquet For the Bride

A shy young couple knock at the door. We recognise them at once. They have come up from the country to be married; in Norway a clergyman's office is often in his private house, and may be used for marriages. But the bride has no bouquet. The office door flies open, the young couple are left standing; and before the rest of the family have time to turn round (much less to stop him) the parson has cleared every vase in the house to make a bouquet for the bride. And he has handed her his fee as well!

That was Herman Lunde, Norway's Grand Old Man. What a lovely memory he has left behind him! What a glorious "well done" awaits him! And the seventeen years since he saw that gentle face will be as yesterday when he joins her again in the Paradise of God.

BUSY INVENTORS

Inventors were very busy last year according to an official report just issued.

In 1931 more patents were taken out than in any of the previous ten years.

The 21,949 patents sealed included a great number in respect of electrical invention and applied chemistry. There were also several concerning wireless and television, and others for furniture designed to save floor space in the tiny houses of today.

SAVING THE ANIMALS

WHERE THEY ARE FREE TO ROAM

Sanctuaries of Wild Life Are
Spreading Everywhere

20TH CENTURY PROGRESS

Animal sanctuaries are spreading everywhere. While it is true that a sound authority has recently warned us that unless vigorous precautions are taken several of the largest mammals in Africa will become extinct within two or three decades, we hope and believe that these measures are being taken.

Everywhere new game reservations are being formed. In 1926 the South African Government set aside the Kruger National Park, which now covers an area as big as Wales, reaching from the Limpopo River on the north to the Crocodile on the south. In 1903 elephants were almost unknown in this district. Now there is a large herd which feeds as far south as the Olifants River. Giraffes, which in 1903 were almost extinct in this country, are now plentiful. Buffalo and hippo are increasing. So are the quaintly ugly gnu, the stately water-buck, and the magnificent sable antelope with its splendidly-shaped scimitar horns.

Freedom For the Gorilla

In Northern Zululand the Umfolosi Reserve holds about thirty of the rare white rhinoceros.

Farther North the Belgian Government has formed the Parc National Albert, more than half a million acres in extent. This is the great sanctuary for the gorilla and is most excellently policed. No one may enter without a permit. No one may introduce dogs, traps, or firearms. The gorilla forest lies nine to twelve thousand feet above sea-level on the cool slopes of great extinct volcanoes.

Another million and a half acres have been set aside by the Belgian Government as game reserves, and here are found the rare okapi, the lechwe, the giant Derby Eland, and a vast variety of rare birds and beasts.

A Startling Announcement

A few months ago the Canadian Government made the startling announcement that half the province of Quebec, an area seven times the size of England, was to be turned into one vast game reserve. This will put a complete stop to the ruthless hunting and trapping of fur-bearing animals by white men.

The United States has long ago repented of her bad ways, and national parks abound. In the big Yellowstone National Park, the most successful of them all, are elk, antelope, deer, mountain sheep, buffalo, moose, bear. Buffalo and elk are increasing in the Wind Cave National Park, and the first grizzly bear seen in California for 15 years was reported from the Sequoia National Park.

These American reserves actually take a yearly census of the wild things. The lovely little prong-horn antelope, which is said to be the world's record high-jumper and was once nearly extinct, is becoming quite common again.

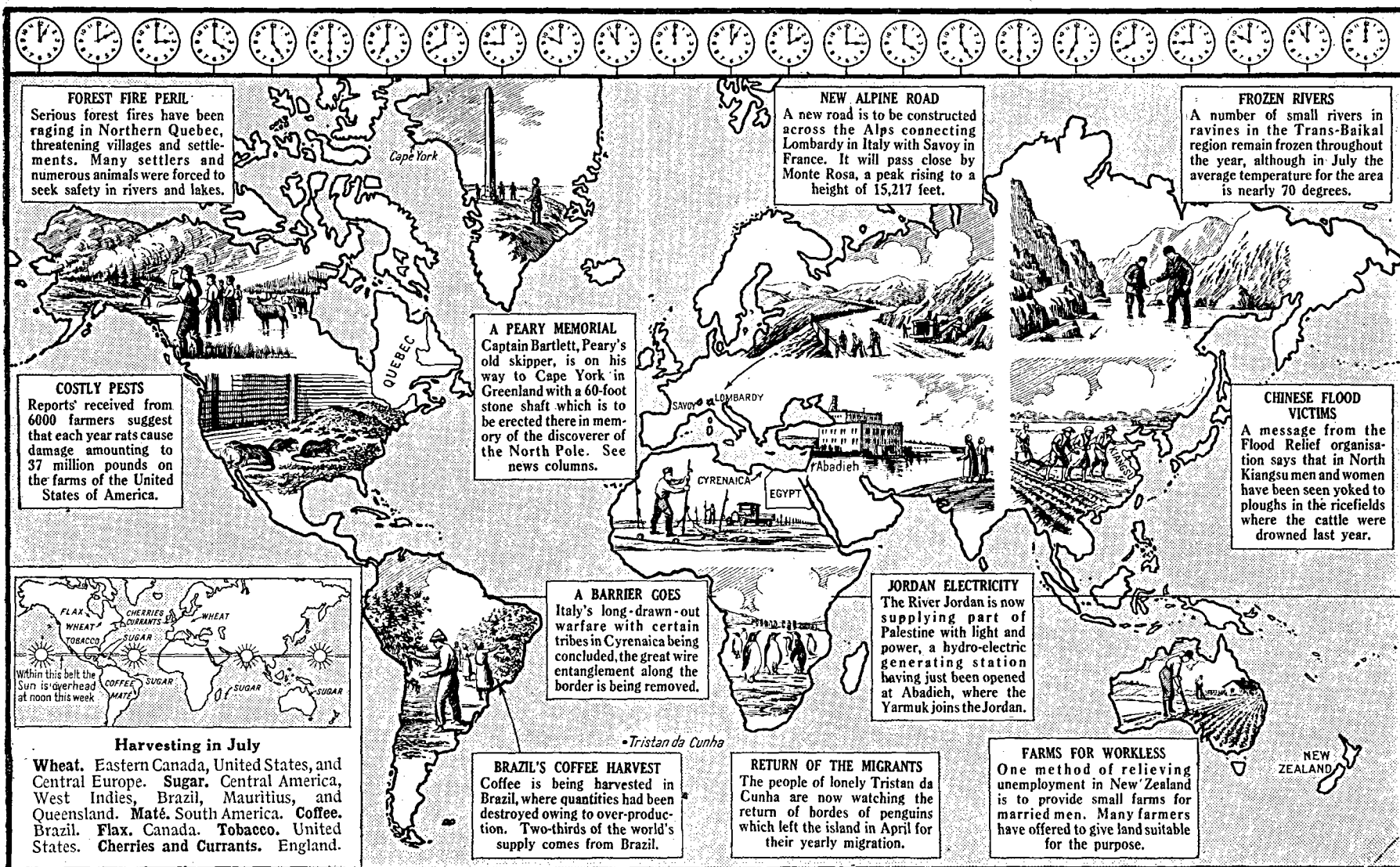
China's Golden Wild Sheep

New Zealand is constantly increasing the area of her game reserves and now possesses two and a half million acres. The Tongariro National Park in the North Island is as big as the county of Middlesex. South Australia has set aside all the West End of Kangaroo Island as a sanctuary.

True, there is much still to be done. The takin, that lovely golden wild sheep of China, should be protected or it may disappear; Russia is doing nothing to protect her rarer fauna, and the good work is hardly started in the South American Continent.

Yet, on the whole, the progress in protecting the wild has made marvellous strides during the twentieth century.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MEAT TWO POUNDS A PENNY

And People Too Poor To Buy

If the depression has hit England badly its effects are far more disastrous in many less fortunate lands.

In Yugo-Slavia, for instance, it is said that peasants who have driven their sheep into certain towns have been offered only five shillings each for full-grown animals and a shilling and threepence each for lambs. Rather than accept these prices many poor folk have taken their sheep back to the pasture.

In the butcher's shops meat is a halfpenny a pound, yet so poor are most of the people that they cannot buy it.

Corn is rationed, and in one town of Bosnia families wait for days to buy their small allowance; while herbs gathered on the mountainsides near Petch form the chief diet of many Albanian peasants.

THE SCHOOL TELEPHONE

To many people their first experience of the telephone is an ordeal.

The telephone has become so much a part of our daily life that lessons in its use could with advantage be given to older children in schools.

With the help of the Telephone Development Association and a famous electrical firm the boys of St James's School in Enfield Highway have installed a telephone service of their own. The boys are learning how to speak clearly and naturally, an accomplishment lacking in many grown-up users.

The boys in three classrooms may speak to each other by telephone, and any scholar is liable to be called to the telephone by the headmaster. But the headmaster cannot be rung up from the classrooms, for his telephone has no bell!

Many a harassed editor and not a few business men would appreciate a telephone like that.

WHERE DID THAT SOUND COME FROM?

In normal conditions we can say at once whether a sound comes from North, South, East, or West. But why can we?

A series of delicate experiments have been carried out by Dr J. H. Saxby and Mr F. H. Gage of the Physiology Institute at Cardiff, with notes produced by a valve oscillator.

It is often said that the difference in the loudness with which the sound is received by the two ears determines the direction, but these experiments have proved this not to be the case. It seems to be a matter of time.

Sound travels at about 1100 feet a second; but the brain is so sensitive that it can detect the tiny fraction of a second's difference in the time a sound takes to reach the ears. This is said to give the brain the direction.

THE MICE THAT LIVED WITH A CAT

A blue Persian cat in Dorsetshire recently became the proud mother of four kittens; but, alas! they were tabby kittens, and as the owner did not want them Pussy was deprived of her family.

But the need to mother something sent her out to the fields, and there, catching three mice, she decided to adopt them, and carried them back to her basket in the loft.

One mouse died through being carried about by the nape of its neck; but for five days the other two lived, and many folk came to see this strange family.

Later, however, the mice disappeared, and at first Pussy was suspected of eating them. But her distress over their disappearance was so great that it is thought she was not guilty. No doubt the mice could not bring themselves to trust one who had so undoubtedly been their enemy before motherhood played her this strange trick.

THE POOR CROW OF CROMER

The crow must come down from its perch! So say the people of Cromer with regard to a certain weather-vane in the shape of a big crow set up in its place by the local Council.

The good folk say the bird has an evil influence, for ever since the vane was erected the weather has been at its very worst. Fishermen declare they have not been able to catch so many crabs and lobsters, and they blame the crow!

Bird of ill-omen! Emblem of death, disaster, and destruction! murmur the folk of Cromer, a town which bears three crows on its coat-of-arms!

And so the poor crow of Cromer, not knowing which way the wind of public opinion blows, must come down, and a new vane is to take its place.

Peter Puck, that bright lad, suggests for this an elephant; for, says he, if the worthy folk of Cromer see the trunk point North and like it not they need only look at the elephant's tail to be reassured of a South wind blowing.

But, otherwise, the C.N. suggests a little importing of good common sense into Cromer.

LONDON GARDENS

Forty years ago a small band of people set out to brighten the sills of London City.

Lecturers invaded schoolrooms everywhere and told the children of the mysteries and miracles of plant life. Boys and girls went home filled with enthusiasm and bought a few bulbs to plant in an old box. So began many a fair garden to defy dirt and depression.

The London Gardens Guild has grown rapidly, and for many years now an annual competition has been held for the best and brightest garden or window-box in the Metropolitan Police area.

Hundreds of window-boxes are expected to be entered for this year's competition, and East End tenements will be gay with gardens on window-sills.

THE RICH MAN'S HOUSE

A Little Story of Our Time

Long ago there was a poor boy in Nottingham who struggled hard against fate and became very rich.

He gave employment to thousands; he spread shops all over the country; he gave back much of his wealth to the town in which he made it.

He lived in a great house in the park round Nottingham Castle, a big house in one of the best positions in the city. It cost £6000 to build when building was very much cheaper than now.

Ole Man River we used to call him; he was known to fame as Sir Jesse Boot; he died as Lord Trent.

The other day his house was sold by auction, and it was sold to the third bidder. The first bidder began at £5, the second bid £6, the third bid £7 and got the house.

So the world goes round.

SIR DONALD MACLEAN

The public life of the world is poorer because Sir Donald Maclean has gone.

He was one of those rare figures in a nation's politics who make the struggle for a better world seem well worth while. He loved truth as he loved himself. He was a man of faith and of great courage.

It seemed likely at one time that he would be Speaker of the House of Commons, and he was within an ace of that high honour. As it was he reached the Cabinet instead, and for a little while was President of the Board of Education. No better man could have held the post, for the seed and fruit of all education worth while is character, and Sir Donald Maclean will remain in the national memory for many years as one of the rarest characters politics have ever known.

Wearing clogs and Dutch national costume Mr and Mrs Van Hassel are tramping round the world in five years.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 2 1932

The Men at Lausanne

IN the thirteenth year after the war the rulers of the world have met for the thirtieth time in conference. For thirteen years they have been talking.

Now they must act. Never has so much power been in the hands of a small number of men.

The world yearns for peace. It is safe to say that nine out of ten ordinary people everywhere wish to live quiet and happy lives, at peace with their neighbours and hating nobody. They wish to enjoy the natural glory of the world, to sow the seeds of happiness and reap the harvest of prosperity. The ordinary man has nothing but goodwill for ordinary men, and is quite unable to understand the diseased imagination of the politicians that nation must go on hating nation to the end of time.

What is expected from these men, at this thirtieth conference since the war, is that they should give the world what it wants: Peace, Security, and Prosperity. There is a very simple way to it: we have to use the common sense to which most of us are born, to be honest in our dealings, and to love one another.

There is no doubt that in the Great War the world went morally mad.

There is no doubt that since the Great War the world has been intellectually mad.

Civilisation is breaking down because nations are trying to pay impossible debts. Trade is breaking down because every nation refuses to buy from the others but expects the others to buy from it. The hope of men is breaking down because, while the world is bending under the weight of taxation, it spends a thousand million pounds a year on preparing for another war.

Men are sick and afraid. They are tired to death of all these Governments that talk and do nothing. When Russia proposed complete disarmament Geneva only laughed. When Italy, at the London Conference, proposed to abolish battleships the London Conference was dumb. When the Disarmament Conference opened at Geneva the talk all turned on technicalities. When the world tries to get together once more America sulks in her tent.

The patience of mankind is wonderful but it can be exhausted, and all the world looks to Lausanne to act before it is too late. The nations must disarm. They must end these ridiculous debts. The gates of trade must open wide. The Great War must be ended for ever.

What is wanted is that whatever we would that others should do unto us we should do even so unto them. It is as old as the hills, and for nations and for men it is the only way.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



An Idea For B-P

WE are delighted to see that Boy Scouts in Somerset are collecting jampots to raise money for camp this year.

If there is anything in the idea, we should like to see the Chief Scout collect all the millions of jampots that are thrown away to disfigure the countryside, and turn them into camps for Boy Scouts.

Who Does These Things?

IT is some years since the C.N. shed a tear on seeing a big shell outside the little church at Newenden.

We have been to see this lovely church again and are delighted with two things. It has got a new chancel and has got rid of the shell.

But, alas and alack! the shell is in front of the little schoolhouse.

We are sure this cannot be the will of the most excellent Kent Education Committee, but who is it that does these things?

What Tariffs Cannot Do

THE Trade Returns for May show that our imports fell by nearly 14 millions. This is very largely due to the new British customs tariff, which chiefly aimed at reducing the imports of manufactured articles.

On the other hand, we regret to say, our exports of British goods also fell in May by well over three millions.

We are thus reminded that, while a customs tariff can reduce imports, it cannot increase exports unless a reduction in foreign and empire tariffs can be secured. No doubt the Government has this in mind, but the sooner we are free to negotiate for foreign tariff reductions the better, for it is all-important to secure freer markets for the British exporter.

The Garden Round the Church

MOST of us will agree with the Dean of Westminster and his Council for the Care of Churches in wishing to abolish the use of foreign marble for gravestones. Local stone is always best.

But will not the Dean and his Council go a little farther and take a step that will save our villages altogether from these ugly stones? Why should we have gravestones? We hope to see the day when our churchyards will be gardens, unspoiled by these ugly erections that keep most of us out of them.

We are sure that there are twenty better ways of recording the names of those who lie there; one of the most obvious would be a simple border.

Let anyone who doubts go down to Eastwell Church in Kent and see how beautiful the turf round a church can be, with every remembrance in its place and everything neatly kept, but with not one upright stone.

An M.P.s. Five Days

WE have often wondered what our politicians think, and now we know what one of them thinks.

On a Friday a Kent M.P. wrote to his local paper that to stop the sugar-beet subsidy would mean the probable collapse of a new British industry which had a great future.

On the following Wednesday the same M.P. informed the House of Commons that he would get rid of the incubus of the sugar-beet subsidy on which millions had been spent leaving the industry no better.

We know a man who can change his suit in five minutes, but he is nothing to an M.P. who can change his mind in five days.

Tip-Cat

TRADE in America is in a bad state. Then why doesn't it go into a different one?

PROBABLY most people said to be acting the fool are not acting at all.

YOU can get a lot of pleasure out of swimming. But you have to go in for it.

IN a caravan holiday, says a writer, everyone should have an equal share of everything. Even the horse has his bit.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



What will Tokyo, when the Chinese war is over?

A GOAT in Kent ate a motor-tyre. A round meal.

VOICES of mice differ widely, says a naturalist. Some have narrow squeaks.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT says he could not bring himself to vote against his Party. We suppose he sent someone else.

WE read in an evening paper that Torquay has 18,000 hours of sunshine a year. There is no night there.

IN hot weather a man likes to work in his shirtsleeves. What does he do with the rest of his shirt?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN old lady has given £60 to clothe workless men at Newcastle.

THE Football Association has decided against football for women.

AN agreement has been arrived at for a Ring Road round Cambridge.

FORTY German boys have been staying at Tonbridge School.

ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY this year produced in London £50,500.

JUST AN IDEA

It is not history that repeats itself; it is we who repeat history.

To the Iris

By Our Town Girl

A thousand varieties of irises were on view the other day at the Iris Society's show in the fine Horticultural Hall at Westminster.

WHEN long ago we played in fields

Beside cool kingcup streams
(When life was one sweet Make Believe
And truest things were dreams)

WE did not call you Iris then;
Flag was our name for you
When hide-and-seek you played with us
Where sedge and rushes grew.

THEN shy you were, and humbly born,
Uneager to be seen,
Though golden was your country frock
With ribbon leaves of green.

NOW many of your family
Have doffed that golden gown,
Have tossed their heads at country fare,
And come to dwell in town.

A THOUSAND kinds of frocks they wear,
And fine and gay they look,
Though give to me a slim gold flag
Guarding a hidden brook.

C.N. Philosophies

Happiness

TO be happy we should associate with people to whom we can give something and from whom we can gain something.

Happiness and activity are bound together. Happiness is a dynamic force that is always at work, changing, readjusting, harmonising, multiplying. It performs miracles. It restores the invalid to health; it lifts the sufferer to higher planes of thought where pain is forgotten; it reforms the sinner.

To be happy is to be like a little child, and to be like a little child is to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Who has heard of a happy criminal?

Happiness is not for the favoured few who enjoy riches and good health; it is like the sun and air, free to everybody.

To obtain happiness we must believe in it for ourselves, and for ourselves now, not in the distant future; then we must practise it by diffusing it among those about us.

That is all. Unhappiness is the illusion; happiness is the reality.

A Prayer For a Student

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or good, but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage, and goodwill. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear.

How You Played

And when the last Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He'll ask not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

Grantland Rice

July 2, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

A YEAR'S GOOD DEEDS

WHAT THE PILGRIM TRUST HAS DONE

Wonderful Fountain of Charity and Goodwill

HELP FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

Less than two years ago this country found a friend, an admirer, and the most generous of benefactors in Edward Stephen Harkness, of New York.

He is, as he describes himself, an American citizen bound by many ties of affection to the land from which he draws his descent. He proved his affection in the most practical way by founding with an endowment of £2,000,000 the Pilgrim Trust. The purpose of his gift was that, wisely applied, it might assist to tide over the present time of this country's difficulties, even to promote her future well-being.

Tribute to the Old Country

This gift, unhampered by any conditions, and offered as simply and modestly as if it were no more than a small birthday present to a friend, was accompanied by one sentence which made it of double worth. It was given, Mr Harkness said, in acknowledgment of the way in which Great Britain had spent her resources in the common cause during the war and in the years that have gone by since the Peace had sustained honourably and without complaint the burden on her people.

If the reason for gratitude could be further enhanced now it would be because the country of this American citizen, so prosperous when the Trust was established, is now herself suffering the pinch of hard times. But there is more than sufficient reason for all the thanks we can give in the tale of what the Pilgrim Trust has done for Great Britain in a single year, the first of its administration.

Welfare of the Children

The Trustees, with complete discretion in distributing the fund both as to income and to capital, are Mr Stanley Baldwin, Mr John Buchan, Sir James Irvine, Lord Macmillan, and Sir Josiah Stamp, with Mr Thomas Jones, so long Deputy-Secretary at Downing Street, the secretary of this new administration. The view they have taken of their trust is that the benefaction should be applied first to relieve acute distress where no other help was at once available, or to promote especially the welfare of children or young people.

In this charitable sphere come settlement work in the Rhondda Valley, Gateshead, Doncaster, the Forest of Dean, and Lanarkshire, the mining districts where unemployment has inflicted the greatest hardships. Boy's Clubs have benefited. Camps have been made like that at Ludworth, high above the smoke of Manchester; new training and educational centres which do not exclude play from their work, like that in the depressing and hopeless area of Dowlais in South Wales.

Holiday Camps

Holiday camps drew over £5000 from the Pilgrim Trust last year, and one can feebly imagine the amount of health and happiness the money bought. One particular holiday camp asks for particular mention. It was that established for boys on the old Trafalgar ship Implacable, now saved from the ship-breakers as long as her timbers hold together. There are child emigration schemes, like that of the Fairbridge Farm School, which also have felt the sustaining help of the benevolence of Edward Stephen Harkness.

As the years roll on these and other worthy social schemes will count him among other benefactors, and will not, we hope, forget this great American who chose such a way of proving that he was

SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT CHICAGO

IN the bad old days, when a family adopted a baby from the Foundlings Home no one ever thought of going to see it regularly to make certain it was being properly cared for; and as for a dog from the pound the mere idea would have seemed ridiculous.

But all that has changed. Children placed in new families are carefully watched until the Home is confident that both the parents and the child are going to be happy in the new relationship; in Chicago this idea has been extended to adopted dogs.

Two Humane Societies have clubbed together to watch over the welfare of stray dogs placed in new homes. As there are some 300 dog-adoptions in Chicago each month Miss Elsie Larsen,

the visitor, must make over ten visits a day to see if the creatures have all found good homes.

The visitor does not call the day the dog is placed: she prefers to give Fido and his new family time to settle down and grow used to one another. Then Miss Larsen drops in and asks in a friendly way about the dog. She can tell by the tilt of its tail when its new owner speaks to it whether friendly relations have been established or not. If the dog does not seem enthusiastic about its people Miss Larsen has a test question to help her judge whose fault it is.

In cases where she is convinced that the dog and the people will never get along well together Miss Larsen is authorised to take the dog away with her.

A THRILLING PLACE TO BE IN



Who would not like to be standing here, on the top of Table Mountain, with these two friends of the C.N. Below them is Capetown, with Table Bay and the waters of the Atlantic flowing in peacefully.

Continued from the previous column

one of us. But he has left a mark on Great Britain of another kind.

By the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust great and historic buildings have been preserved and restored for the common heritage of all those who, in the words of Edward Harkness, have affection for the land from which they draw their descent.

Lincoln Cathedral was decaying. Its Central Tower was in a highly dangerous condition. The fund raised in this country, in America, and in Canada to sustain it was nearly exhausted. The Pilgrim Trust gave £20,000 to complete the work.

Durham Castle is scarcely less ancient, and standing boldly on the hill above the Wear seems to be built for ever. But the soil is shifting below it. The castle was slipping down. The Pilgrim Trust has subscribed £25,000 to the fund for keeping this magnificent relic in its place.

St David's Cathedral is the finest ecclesiastical building in Wales. Great

sums have been spent in maintaining its structure. St Mary's College, adjoining it, was falling into complete ruin. The Trust has given £3000 to keep it from perishing.

St Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, and the old Greyfriars Church, where the National Covenant of 1638 was signed, have received together £15,000 to keep and restore their fabric as national monuments.

Wesley's Chapel, the old Mother Church of Methodism in England, opened by John Wesley in 1778, the Georgian house where he lived and died, are a sacred trust of English Nonconformity. The Pilgrim Trust has contributed £5000 to the endowment fund for keeping all in repair. It is like a gift from a son of a Pilgrim Father.

Oxford and Cambridge, Gloucester Cathedral, and the Foundling Site in London have all been helped, sustained, refreshed by the flow of true and discriminating wealth from this unique fountain of charity and goodwill.

THIS RIDICULOUS WORLD

CUTTING ITS TRADE IN TWO

Nations Refusing To Deal With Each Other

A LEAGUE REPORT

The League of Nations does invaluable work in publishing facts relating to world trade such as have never been available before. It may be said with truth that from its lighthouse at Geneva it surveys all the nations.

Over 2000 million men, women, and children now inhabit the world. Divided into many nations, they fall into the error of supposing that each group called a nation can manage its affairs without much regard to the needs, hopes, and fears of other nations.

This is the world's root trouble at the present time.

People who might be happy and prosperous are deliberately making each other unhappy and distressful because they will not come together. It must be obvious to everyone that in the very simplicity of the issue lies at once cause for fear and cause for hope.

Protection Makes Depression

The League of Nations Economic Committee has just reported that the value of international trade today is barely half what it was at the beginning of 1929! At the same time the number of unemployed has far more than doubled, and there are now between 20 and 25 million people out of work.

Unfortunately, as we have pointed out in the C.N. and as the Committee confirms, the very measures taken by individual countries to protect themselves make the depression worse.

Each country, in seeking to defend its trade, imposes tariffs or other prohibitions which, by striking at other countries, curtail trade in general.

How Trade is Being Strangled

Each country is, in effect, hitting each other country; tariffs are strangling the trade of the world.

The Committee says:

The characteristic feature of these restrictive measures is that they naturally tend to multiply; each measure of this kind calls forth a corresponding counter measure, and the piling-up of these measures one upon the other ultimately leads to a still greater falling-off in international trade.

Thus the settlement of international financial questions without delay is essential. There must be cooperation or things will get worse. If prosperity is to be restored international trade must be resuscitated.

The Things That Are Needed

We look forward to the World Economic Conference proposed by our own country. That Conference, in our opinion, must aim at these objects:

The working of the gold standard must be reformed or gold must be abandoned.

Prices must be raised and steadied.

War Debts and Reparations must be cancelled, because they prevent trade.

Tariffs must be lowered to enable goods to be imported and exported.

How easy it is to forget that the imports of one country are the exports of another! How easy it is to say Buy native goods only, forgetful of the fact that if each nation buys native goods only international trade comes to an end and everybody's wealth declines!

It is the duty of every thinking person to join with the Economic Committee of the League of Nations in making the truth known. To sum it all up, *the world is suffering from the refusal of each nation to trade with other nations.*

FOUR PEOPLE AND OUR ROADS

The Way To Safety

Safety on our roads will only be attained by the fullest cooperation between all interested.

Manufacturers must continue their efforts to devise ways and means of giving greater control over their vehicles.

Highway engineers must continue to design the lay-out of their roads and the construction of the surfaces to give all traffic the fullest facilities for safe and free passage.

Drivers must school themselves against taking risks at any time. They should never leave the start of their journey to the last minute, as this always causes a little more concentration on reaching their destination on time and a little less attention to watchfulness and care in driving.

Pedestrians must not feel that they have prior right on the carriageway, but bear in mind that it is equally necessary for them to look out for traffic as for traffic to look out for them.

In brief, everyone on the highway must always exercise the utmost caution and observation at all times.

From the Report of the Roads Improvement Association

THE SWAGMAN GETS A LIFT

One day recently Sir Philip Game, Governor of New South Wales, was driving to open a show.

At a level-crossing in the country they slowed down to allow a train to pass, and standing at one side were two swagmen. Swagmen are the Australian equivalent of tramps, except that nowadays there are many fine vigorous men among them who prefer to wander through the Bush, doing what scraps of work they can find, to searching the city streets for jobs that never materialise.

"I wish I could get a ride," sighed one.

A resident of the district heard him, and, as a joke, pointed to the vice-regal car and said: "That man might give you a lift."

The swagman hurried across the road.

"Excuse me," he said to Sir Philip Game, who was driving, "would you give me a lift?"

"Certainly," said the Governor. "Hop in and make yourself comfortable."

The railway gates were opening and Sir Philip prepared to start.

"Wait a minute until I get my swag," said the Sundowner. He dashed to the side and picked up his bundle of blankets and food.

"Right-O," he said as he settled himself in the back and the car moved off, the Governor driving and the swagman sitting comfortably behind.

ANY WOOD TO ORDER

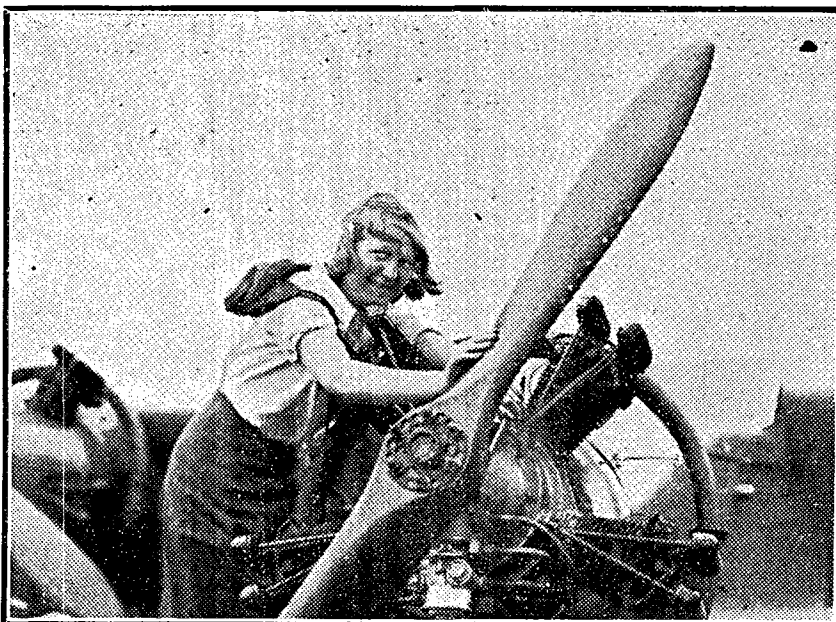
Enormous numbers of beautiful panels, table-tops, trays, looking like perfect examples of mahogany, walnut, and other choice woods, are to be made by a new invention in which ply-wood is first printed and then enamelled with what is known as cellulose dope.

Many of our magazine illustrations are printed today by photogravure, and a photograph of the grain of the wood is similarly printed by photogravure on to the upper surface of the cheap ply-wood. The photography is perfect and the printed wood looks marvellously real. Over the print is then applied a coating of cellulose varnish, which dries with a high gloss and is so hard that it cannot be scratched.

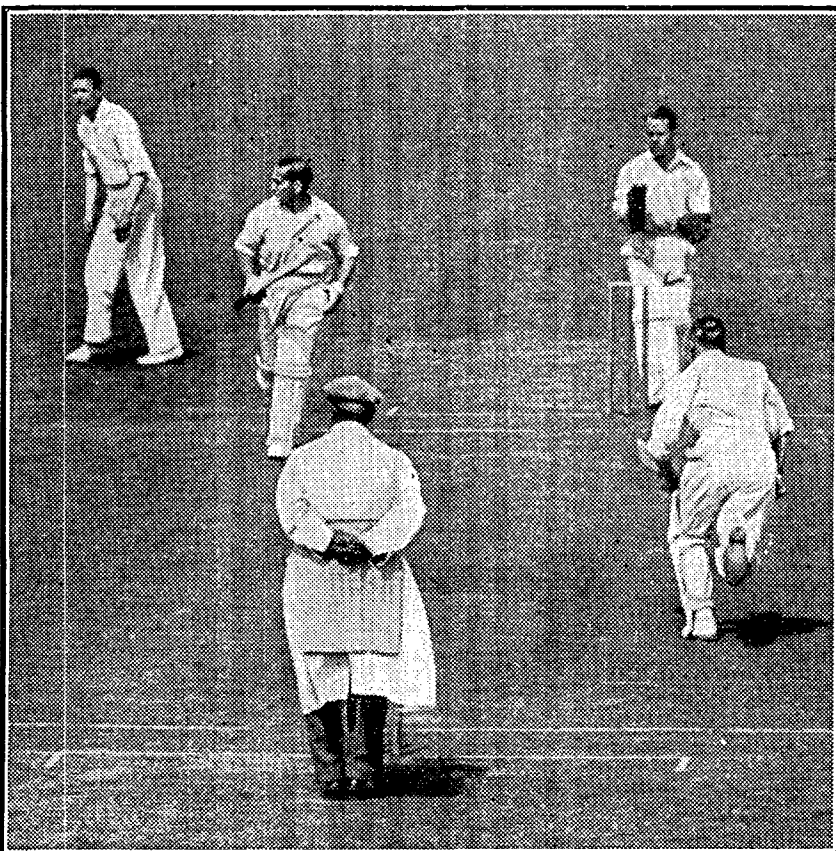
The new furniture never wants polishing, and it takes a very close examination to discover that it is not genuine old seasoned wood. It can be applied to the cheapest furniture.

In 1930 there were 4,212,000 umbrellas made in this country.

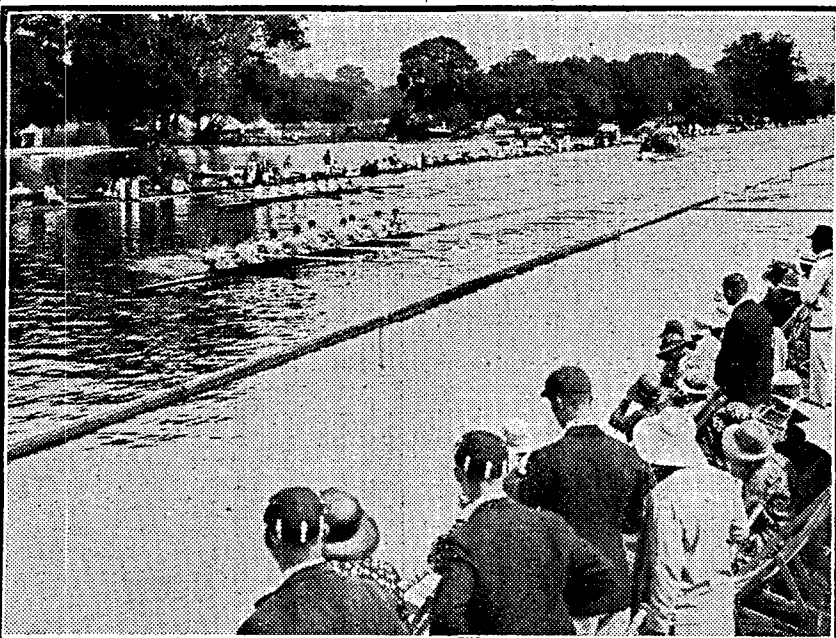
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



A Young Airwoman—Miss Leslie Mant, a sixteen-year-old Putney girl who owns a Puss Moth aeroplane, has the ambition to fly to Australia in seven days. She will, of course, be the passenger when the attempt is made.



Record Cricket—Cricket history was made the other day by Sutcliffe and Holmes of Yorkshire, both of whom are here seen running. In a match against Essex at Leyton 555 runs were scored before one wicket fell, thus breaking a record which had stood for 34 years. Holmes made 224 not out, Sutcliffe 313, and there were 18 extras.



Henley Regatta—An English summer can afford no more delightful sight than the Thames at Henley during the Regatta, which is now taking place. Here is a scene during the racing.

AN ANCIENT PEDIGREE

Descendants of the Conqueror's Deer

In a recent C.N. it was stated that the oldest herd of deer in the country is believed to be that owned by Mrs Smyth at Long Ashton in Somerset, for it is known to have existed there since 1392. But there are deer in England with an older pedigree still.

In the Park of Surrenden-Dering in the heart of Kent ancestors of the deer now roaming there were there in 1066, when the first Derings owned the property. In fact, until a year or so ago, Derings had lived there since Saxon days. Now the property has changed hands and has become a preparatory school for boys, one of the loveliest places for a school in all England.

There, near the pitch where cricket is being played, where the fields and the ancient trees stretch for miles, where, blue in the distance, rises the wall-shaped Charing Hill, can be seen the deer grazing, descendants of those very deer who lived in the same spot when the Conqueror was King of England, loving the deer as he loved himself.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMAN ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA

There was a jovial huntsman who went a-hunting on the floor of the North Sea. It was dry land then. You could walk from England to the Continent.

We do not know if he had good sport and brought home something for supper, but we do know that the day had one piece of black misfortune—he lost his harpoon head.

It had taken him a long time to make, and was a beautiful weapon of stag's horn with 17 barbs. We hope he did not go supperless to bed, after cuffing the children all round and saying it was his wife's fault that he lost the harpoon.

Perhaps they went back to look for it next day. But it was never found.

Never is a long word, says the nursery proverb. The other day a trawler dredged the harpoon up 25 miles from the Norfolk coast, and it is now in Norwich Castle Museum.

We are glad to think that, after all, the man's patience and skill were not thrown away. It does the modern man good to look upon such relics of the days when a man had to make everything, or starve. We are too apt to take our own comfortable world for granted.

THE PASSENGER AND HIS BAG

Every kind of thing that can be taken into a railway carriage, from an umbrella to a baby carriage, figures among the lost property handled by our railway companies.

No doubt the chief explanation is that passengers suddenly find they have arrived at their destination and hastily gather their things together at the last moment, forgetting something on the seat or on the rack.

The list of articles left behind includes birds in cages, wireless sets, perambulators, and bowls of goldfish.

An amusing story is told of a passenger who, to avoid paying a cloakroom fee, chained and padlocked his bag to a platform seat. The stationmaster, being a man of resource, removed the seat with the bag to the lost property office, where the owner had to pay 6d to retrieve it. This sounds too good to be true, but the story is told on the authority of the railway company concerned.

THE DENTISTS OF HUNGARY

For the past 34 years the villagers of Hungary have gone to the local barber, or blacksmith, whenever they wanted a tooth drawn. But now a new decree puts an end to this custom, and only dentists may take the tooth out.

NAILS AS MONEY Helping Trade in Russia

From a Travelling Correspondent

Can you imagine the look you would get at the grocer's if you placed a tenpenny nail on the counter and said: "Ten penn'orth of jam, please"? Yet that, in a small way, is what is happening in Russia.

Nails have been very rare and difficult to lay hands on for a number of years, and this has made it very difficult to make ordinary repairs. When this was inquired into recently it was found that there was a reason for it: the nails were being secretly used as money.

That is to say, the nail factories, instead of selling their nails for roubles, as they were supposed to do, entered into secret agreements with other factories to exchange their much-prized nails for some equally-prized macaroni, cakes, and jam. In this way the nail factory was sure of getting its jam, and the jam factory was sure of getting its nails, and both felt that this was far more satisfactory than merely getting money and being very uncertain about being able to buy anything with it.

THE HORSE THAT KNEW THE RULES

Everyone who has been lost in the Bush knows the sense of relief that comes over him when he finally decides that it is all up with him and that his only hope of safety lies in letting his horse take charge of the party.

Apparently it is not only in the trackless wilds that we can afford to trust to horse sense, for a story comes from Cleveland, Ohio, of a horse which, driverless, made its way through the crowded traffic of a busy city without disobeying the traffic rules.

It not only went on the proper side of the road, but it stopped when the red lights came on and started again when the green lights appeared. So perfectly did it obey all the regulations that the fact that it had no driver was not even observed until it had gone a long way. In the end an unusually observant traffic officer took the horse into custody until its driver could be found. But he had no charge to bring against the horse; it had conducted itself perfectly and with due regard for all the laws.

If we could say as much for all the human beings loose with vehicles on the roads many hundreds of lives would be saved every year.

A SCOUTMASTER HAS SOME IDEAS

"It is not a place in the Sun we want, and there is no need to mention our names," writes the Scoutmaster of a Perthshire troop; "but it might be of interest to other troops to hear of some of our doings."

This enterprising Scoutmaster runs a society called the Sanhedrin to encourage public speaking. The boys discuss subjects of which they have read in the C.N. Every boy is kept interested the whole time, each one has a chance of giving his opinion, and the youngest boys are those who often have the most to say.

The C.N. is also used for a favourite game, another bright idea of the Scoutmaster. Columns are cut out of a few old copies, and these are distributed among the Scouts, who sit in a circle. They are allowed five minutes in which to read them, and this is one of the few intervals of voluntary silence ever known in the troop. Then at random a boy is called by number. He stands up and tells as much as he can remember. The game is an excellent method of teaching concentration.

A TERRIER'S SCRAPS

A London terrier recently had the audacity to chew up three banknotes; but his owner, Miss Peggy Tyson, of Winchmore Hill, took the chewed pieces to a post office, where they were accepted.

WIMBLEDON'S LEADING PLAYERS



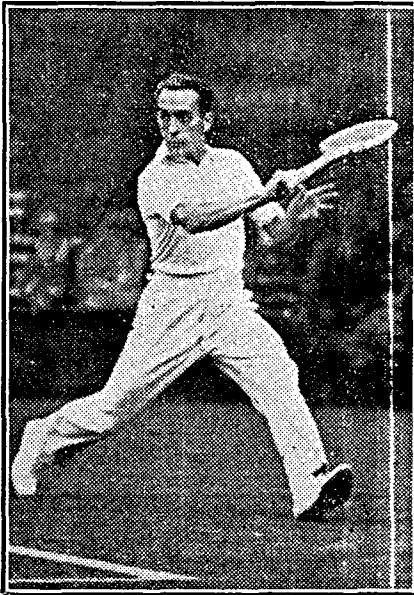
J. Crawford, Australia



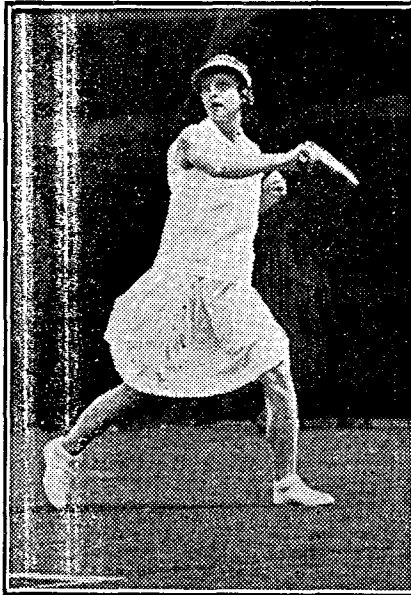
Mrs Fearnley-Whittingstall and Miss Nuthall, England



F. J. Perry, England



Henri Cochet, France



Mrs Wills-Moody, U.S.A.



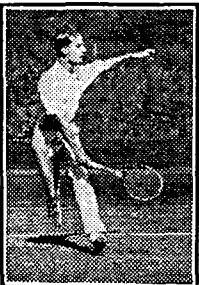
Miss Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.



Ellsworth Vines, U.S.A.



Miss Dorothy Round, England



H. W. Austin, England



Mlle. Payot, Switzerland



Fraulein Krahwinkel, Germany



Mme. Mathieu, France



F. Shields, U.S.A.



S. B. Wood, U.S.A.



J. Borotra, France

The Lawn Tennis Championship contests at Wimbledon remain among the most popular sporting events of the summer season. Here are pictures of the leading players in this year's matches, which are now approaching the final stages.

MONEY IN THE WORLD'S ATTIC

These People Never Steal

If the Pamirs are the Roof of the World the province of Ladakh in the very north of India, which used to be called Little Tibet, is its attic.

In this attic money and jewels are safer than in any other attic in the world, though they be left unguarded by lock and key.

Mrs Henrietta Merrick, the only white woman in Leh, the capital, 11,500 feet high, had no way of locking up her valuables in her cowhide hut. She spoke to the only other white person in town about it, the Moravian bishop, and he replied: "Leave your money on the porch if you like: these people never steal."

The route to Leh, which lies through Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is so difficult and dangerous that only 24 permits are issued for it each year. Remote as it is, Leh is nevertheless at cross-roads. One road comes from Central Asia, another from China, and two descend into India.

Few of us would contemplate a visit to this lofty capital alone with absolute intrepidity, yet Mrs Merrick reports that she was always treated with the utmost courtesy. On her return to New York she saw money taken through the streets in armoured cars, a precaution that would be as unnecessary as it would be impossible in Leh.

MICHAEL TAKES HIS MEDICINE

We are reminded of the old saying A common cause makes comrades of us all, in this story sent us by a reader about a young friend of hers.

He was three years old, and he absolutely refused to take his medicine, though the doctor tried all sorts of syrups and flavourings.

One day he went to the surgery with his mother and straightway made friends with the doctor's cat. That gave the doctor a splendid idea.

Taking a bottle and teaspoon over to the basket, he said to Michael: "My old cat's got to have some medicine too. You watch how she takes it." Then, measuring the medicine into the spoon, he opened the cat's mouth and poured it down her throat.

There was an anxious moment while the cat swallowed hard, but she played her part nobly.

Michael's eyes were big with amazement and admiration, and when the doctor quietly measured out some of his medicine he drank it down without a murmur. Then, walking over to the cat, he bent down and stroked it, and they heard him say: "Poor Pussy, me and you is both sick and have to take nasty stuff to make us all well again."

CONSCIENCE

A certain Dr Douglas Clyde Macintosh, of Irish origin, demanded to be naturalised as an American citizen. The due form was placed before him to sign, engaging him to obey the laws of the Republic.

Before signing he wrote on the form:

In any case I shall refuse to bear arms in any war which I shall consider to be unjust and contrary to the will of God, for I place the law of God above the laws of Congress.

His demand for naturalisation was refused. He appealed, and his appeal went from Court to Court until finally it arrived at the Supreme Court.

Of the nine judges four declared in favour of Dr Macintosh. It has been a close question and has led to a most interesting result.

The Churches in America have taken the matter up. A petition has been signed by hundreds of thousands of citizens, and an amendment to the Constitution has been laid before the Senate.

OLD MOTHER TAR

Something New From
Her Treasury

A BATTLE GOING ON IN OUR MIDST

A battle which is going on in our midst between the natural resins of the trees and a chemist-made substitute, obtained in the first place from tar, has reached gigantic proportions.

The carriages of a generation ago, the motor-cars of the first few years, were treated with paints and varnishes of the old order, made with linseed oil and natural resins and gums. Today all coachwork, or nearly all, is done with either cellulose lacquers, prepared with "dope" very similar to that used in making artificial silk, or varnishes made with a product of our old friend carbolic acid.

Marvellous Applications

At one time carbolic acid, or phenol as it is known to the chemist, held high sway as a disinfectant. Today other germ-killers, far more effective, have left it in the background. But by a chemical treatment of phenol with another disinfectant, formalin, a product is made which, in recent years, has found a number of applications that are positively marvellous.

The artificial resin produced from phenol can be moulded into all kinds of shapes, and when set and hardened it is curiously strong; so strong, indeed, that gear-wheels of motor-cars and high-speed machines can be made of it. Millions of electric-light switches are made of moulded bakelite, or artificial resin; the metal tumbler switch is already a thing of the past.

Great Possibilities

The synthetic resins thus coming to us originally through the distillation of tar, as phenol does, can be used in a liquid state as a paint or varnish, and when applied to the metal body of a motor-car will give it the appearance of really beautiful coachwork. It may even replace cellulose lacquers to a large extent.

So great are the possibilities of bakelite and its imitations that a new industry is already in existence: a new branch of chemistry has been created, with its own journals and literature.

Old Mother Tar has given us many things—motor-fuel, disinfectants, aniline dyes, a hundred chemicals, including even beautiful perfumes; but this latest product, made by treating carbolic acid, has created a rival which, for the motor industry at any rate, bids fair to displace the natural resins and gums which have served us for so many generations.

STEEL SLEEPERS

A Reform Helping Home Trade

Excellent reports are made upon the use of steel sleepers by our British railways. Half a million steel sleepers are already in use, and if they satisfactorily pass exhaustive tests their use may be very widely extended.

The importance of the matter to British trade lies in this. The creosoted wooden sleepers at present in use have to be imported, and, as about 4½ millions are used every year, the trade is a big one. On the other hand, if steel could be used there would be a considerable call upon our steelworks, while our imports would be reduced.

It costs little more to lay steel sleepers than wooden ones, and there is a saving in renewal expenses amounting to about £120 a mile a year. Moreover, steel sleepers, it is hoped, will last longer than wood, while an old steel sleeper is obviously worth more than an old wooden one, which can only be disposed of at a very low rate.

Man's Friend Through All the Ages

MUST HE FOR EVER SUFFER IN OUR WARS?

The Humane Movement For Taking
the Horse Out of the British Army

A LOOK AT SOME VETERANS OF THE GREAT WAR

EVEN those who saw only photographs of the carnage among horses in the war will be glad to know that in the Royal Artillery the machine is being steadily substituted for the horse.

During the last few years all the anti-aircraft, medium, and heavy batteries have been mechanised, and already in some of the field batteries the motor has taken the place of the horse. We have promised not to make war any more, but while we are forgetting to keep our word it is good, at least, that we should spare our horses.

Efficiency and Display

In these days efficiency is more important than display, and this branch of the Royal Regiment must move with the times. Galloping horse-gunners may thrill spectators at a military tournament, but use and not ornament is the need of today, apart from the question of humanity. The horse-power of the R.H.A. is now too weak for dragging the heavy loads over difficult ground.

Although we hope the army of the future will be needed as a police force only, it is good to know that, whether our Governments betray us again or not, the chances are growing less that horses will be involved in war.

A representative of the C.N. has been to see one or two of the old horses which survived the Great War; and among the places where some of them live is the Home of Rest for Horses in Cricklewood.

Old Bill of Mons

Old Bill, who helped in saving the guns in the Mons Retreat, has lately been moved from there to Welbeck, where the Duchess of Portland is taking care of him; but there is Actress, who was through the whole of the war and is entitled to medals. She belonged to a general, and when peace came, with its rush of demobilisation, Actress became a civilian and passed from the service of her commanding officer. But the memory of her winning personality still remained with him, and one day the general sought her out, tracing her from master to master. He found her drawing coal carts. Now Actress, the general's closest friend through those terrible years, left her coalheaver's job and retired to a stable near green fields, where she now can put her old nose out of the half-door and whisper to her neighbours (among them Barney, aged 31, the oldest inhabitant) stories of her old campaigns, as veterans will.

Found Riderless on the Somme

Then there is Chum, whose gentle eyes have looked on terrors unspeakable; and not far from him is Roger. Was ever a kinder, dearer face, a softer nose, a cleverer wheedler for lumps of sugar, as his head bumps insistently against one's arm for attention? Roger a war horse! It is rather like remembering the larks that sang above the trenches, rather like thinking of flowers still breaking through the grass within a few yards of the war-mutilated earth, to think of Roger in connection with war; yet one day they found him riderless on the Somme. No one knows his history, or even his nation, only that he is not British, but either French or German. Roger found a happy home, and today he almost tells you so; certainly he tells how pleased he is to see you.

There are other old warrior horses not as lucky as Roger. We know of one in Emsworth (Billy), who pulls a dustcart, though we hope and expect that Billy, too, has kindness showered upon him.

And Sam! We have been trying to find Sam, but perhaps he has gone at last to peaceful fields beyond our own. He belonged to the Grenadier Guards, and was still attached to them after the

war. One of his ears had been half shot off by man's brutality, and he had an old wound in his flank. On his forehead he wore the ribbons of the General Service and Victory Medals.

It is rather amusing and also interesting to remember how like in many ways were the wounded horses in the war to the wounded soldier. They lived by bugle calls. A chaplain attached to the Veterinary Corps for a time behind the lines said that at feeding-time a bugle was blown, and the moment the horses heard it they all began to whinny and paw the ground and shake the chains attached to their mangers. There were 700 or more horses, and they made a tremendous noise. Other bugles were blown at various times, but of these they took no notice.

The Wary Mule

Also while convalescent men were having treatment of all kinds horses and mules were given baths of chemicals to cure them of skin trouble; they were driven along a narrow passage and had to jump into the bath and swim to the other side.

Mules would come to the edge and sit on their haunches very much as a cat sits looking into the fire. Nothing would make them move, but when the sergeant said "Fetch the breeching," a kind of harness worn by a mule, the mule would stand up at the first glimpse of it and jump in, with no more persuasion!

A deep and wary animal is a mule, not without his sense of humour; and, though one does not hear much of war mules, they were an invaluable asset.

As for breaking bounds, as hospital patients were sometimes tempted to do, now and again the horses would succumb to this temptation. A chaplain tells of an amusing case. There was a circular enclosure raided off for exercising horses recovering from operations. From fifty to a hundred exercised at the same time, all sizes and kinds. Once a heavy cart-horse, going round with the others, was so slow that the rest went round twice to his once, with the result that he became the leader. Seeing a gate leading to the open country he tried to jump it and broke the top bar. Over this he went, with every horse and every mule in his wake, and for hours they galloped all over the country until eventually they were rounded up and caught.

A Pathetic Symbol

How closely akin have soldiers and their horses ever been! One sometimes wonders what they would say to man, if they could speak to him. Surely their words might be something like these:

Man, our friend, you are less strong than we are, less patient, less trusting; yet you can make machines the strength of hundreds of horses, and you name them from our power. That is because your brain is finer than our own. For this reason you are our masters, and you we obey, even to carrying you and your destructive instruments into battle, where for you we die.

With that brain so powerful, with your hands so cunning, with your heart so apt to love us, yet do you make these wars in which with you we suffer and perish. How strange are your laws, and how hard to understand!

At St Jude's on the Hill in Golders Green there is a monument of a bronze horse on a pedestal, a small pathetic symbol of England's love for horses and her sorrow at their suffering. Written on it are these words:

In grateful and reverent memory of the Empire's Horses (some 375,000) who fell in the Great War. Most obediently and often most painfully they died, faithful unto death. Not one of them is forgotten before God.

SUITS FOR 600 A DAY

How Chicago Does It

EVERYONE GIVES WHAT HE CAN

Some remarkably good-looking, stout, warm, velour knickers have been seen on some of Chicago's poorest boys in the past few months, and strangers have been puzzled to account for the children having better clothing than ever in spite of hard times.

But the matter can be explained by a call at the Children's Aid Society's office in the Dante School in the neighbourhood of the famous Hull House. Here a good idea, which began over 40 years ago, bore fruit last winter not only in these unusual knickers, but in jackets and dresses, boots and underthings sufficient to supply 600 requests a day for outfitting children who otherwise could not go to school.

Children's Thankoffering

The children with plenty of clothes bring a thankoffering to school on a certain day, perhaps only a few pennies, but these small sums put together equalled £15,000 last winter. With this fund the society buys shoes in large lots at low prices, and gets extraordinary bargains in cloth. The velour for the knickers, for example, came from an automobile manufacturer who found himself with a cancelled order on his hands and was glad to find a purchaser for the cloth he had planned to use for upholstering his cars.

Clothing is cut out in large quantities on the factory plan, and the cut garments are then distributed to members of the Women's Club to be made up by voluntary workers. The whole scheme is run with as much careful planning as a big manufacturing enterprise, and in addition it makes use of that desire to help someone worse off which lies deep in the hearts of us all.

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED

A True Story

By Our Town Girl

The girl who had never cooked before was making great efforts. She had taken a small flat in London, and when her friends came to see her for a meal she was tired of giving them boiled eggs.

"Tell me how to make pastry," she said to a friend who knew the secret. So materials were produced and a lesson given.

"Oh, that's easy," said the would-be cook. "Come to dinner with me a fortnight from now and I promise you some apple-tart."

The day arrived, but within only an hour of dinner-time something in a piedish looked more like a disaster than an apple-tart.

Despair seized the cook, but instead of giving herself up to it she hit on a plan. She would have a little joke.

Putting her arms into a coat and her head into a hat out of the front door she hastened.

At a big corner shop she laid down a shilling and asked for an apple-tart, a few moments later departing with the most scrumptious-looking, perfectly-turned-out, sugared-pastry pie.

Back in the flat she popped this in the oven to "crisp it up," and when the friend arrived, and the second course was over, out of the oven came the Perfect Pie.

"I will confess all next time we meet," said the cook to herself, and (aloud): "A little apple-tart, dear?"

"My dear! What a wonderful tart! It looks quite professional."

And then, looking on from a corner somewhere, a little imp of mischief began to enjoy the joke of his lifetime. He had, of course, been in league with the girl in the shop.

When the pie was opened it was full of gooseberries!

WONDERS OF THE NORTHERN CROWN

GREEN AND LILAC SUNS

The Star That Appears To Go Out

TERRIFIC ERUPTIONS

By the C.N. Astronomer

High in the southern sky the starry Northern Crown, or Corona Borealis, may be seen to advantage as soon as it is dark.

Though a small constellation, it will be readily identified, almost due south and very high up, between 10 and 12.

The brightest jewel in this celestial crown is Alphecca. It is of third magnitude and so of medium brightness; but actually it is an immense sun radiating about 40 times more light than our Sun. The fact that it is 3,800,000 times as far away accounts for its appearing so small to us.



The chief stars of Corona

Beta, in the Crown, a fainter star above Alphecca, is 13 million times farther away than our Sun, its light taking about 204 years to reach us as compared with but 60 years from Alphecca. It is a much larger sun.

Gamma is of great interest because it is composed of two suns, the larger being greenish and the other of a lilac tint. They are 3070 million miles apart, a distance somewhat greater than that of Neptune from the Sun. But in spite of their immensity (33 times greater than that of the Earth from the Sun), they appear so close that only powerful telescopes will show them separated. This is because they are such a tremendous distance away, about 9,398,000 times that of our Sun.

They are nearly five times more massive, and very much larger, both revolving round some central point between them in 87½ years, so they must travel very much faster than Neptune. Ages ago, when Neptune was a sun and much larger than now (as our Sun was) they would have resembled to a certain extent these twin suns of Gamma.

Epsilon is about the same distance away as Gamma, its light taking the same time, 148 years, to reach us; but Delta's light takes 251 years, indicating that this sun is about 16 million times farther off than our Sun.

R and T

Still farther off is the sun marked R on the star-map. This may sometimes be seen on a dark night, but it is not always there, for sometimes it appears to go out. It is an amazing sun, which evidently undergoes terrific convulsions. Its light changes colour, getting much more reddish, and this, when analysed by the spectroscope, proves that it is subject to colossal eruptions in which its output of light and heat increases hundreds of times.

This is when we see it; afterwards it dies down to a very faint star of 13th magnitude, visible only in powerful telescopes. Months often intervene between the outbursts.

Another similar but still more amazing star appears just below Epsilon. It is known as T in Corona, but can only be seen now with a good telescope, being of 9½ magnitude.

In 1866 this very remote sun blazed up to a brilliant star of second magnitude as the result of a tremendous outburst of (chiefly) flaming hydrogen, causing it, like R, to radiate several hundreds of times more light and heat.

This sun was known to be subject to lesser variations before this, and has changed a good deal since, so another such outburst may be expected at any time.

G. F. M.

ONE MORE BAD THING GOES

THE MILKMAN'S CHARTER

One Day Off a Week For An Old Friend

THINGS GET BETTER AND BETTER

Mr Mug the Milkman is to have his rights at last. Today there are hundreds of happy families in the eastern counties of our little island.

He is to have a day off once a week. Henceforth every dairyman of the eastern section of the United Dairies will have the chance of a weekly rest or of taking his wife and children out for the day. It is hoped that this excellent scheme, which has now been working for several weeks, may soon be extended to every area served by this great dairy association and eventually adopted by all other milk companies.

A Host of Difficulties

At the Stratford Town Hall a great meeting was held the other day to celebrate the Dairyman's Charter, as the new scheme is called. All the employees of the eastern section of the United Dairies had contributed toward a gold watch, and there was a scene of immense enthusiasm when it was presented to Mr Rigby, the manager, who brought about the scheme, as a token of their gratitude for the privilege they are now enjoying, which is shared by their wives and sweethearts. For the roundsman to have one day's rest in seven is something that has never been known in the dairy trade, and he is now put on the same footing as other workers.

When Mr Rigby, who believed that man was never meant to work every day of the week with practically no rest, suggested the scheme of the Milkman's Holiday a year ago it all seemed hopeless. He had to fight a host of difficulties, real and imaginary, and opposition in every quarter before the impossible was accomplished, and his dream came true of a six-days week for the milkman. The world does move; things do get better and better.

The Bad Old Days

As soon as the larger obstacles were overcome all the lesser ones seemed to crumble away. Not only the organisers, but thousands of customers helped to bring about the reform, for not a single complaint has been made by anyone who has been inconvenienced by changes caused by the Milkman's Charter. To meet the requirements of Mr Mug the Milkman the rest day is changed every week for each man.

Mr Rigby spoke of the tremendous improvement in the conditions of the milk trade. In the bad old days he used to work 60 or 70 hours a week without overtime pay, and this was the usual thing. Today, in spite of hard times, milk sales are steadily going up, and a record was reached last February. This is proof that milk is one of those articles of food which give the best value for the money spent on them.

WHO WAS HIPPOCRATES?

Born Island of Cos, about 460 B.C.
Died Larissa, Greece, about 377 B.C.

The greatest physician of ancient times, a profound scholar and philosopher, Hippocrates was not only the founder of the art of medicine, but prepared the way for men like Aristotle and the great school of Alexandria.

Nearly fourscore works bearing his name are in existence. Many of these are forgeries or wrongly attributed to him. A sufficient number of writings incontestably his remains for us to reconstruct the splendid learning of which he was the founder.

THE INSECT HOUSE AT THE ZOO

MILLIPEDES WITH 256 LEGS

Baby Apes Getting Ready For Their Tea Parties

TWO PLAYMATES MEET AGAIN

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Insect House at the Zoo has some interesting new thrillers in a collection of African millipedes.

They are rather fierce-looking creatures, for their plump round bodies are between eight and nine inches long, and though they are not quite so well equipped for walking as their name suggests each millipede can boast of 256 legs, which resemble the teeth of a fine curved comb.

But in spite of their appearance these millipedes are harmless, and anyone who wishes may have one out of the case and count its legs. Other new additions to the Insect House are fairy shrimps caught in Wiltshire. Only rarely are these tiny fragile creatures to be seen in the menagerie, for though they are not rare they are apparently not easy to find. They haunt dew ponds and pools collected in wheel tracks and it is their habit to lay their eggs in the mud at the bottom of their homes.

Brilliant Butterflies

The outdoor butterfly enclosure is now presenting a gay picture. Nearly every day a fresh supply of the brilliant insects arrives from the country; and as the summer advances so the number of butterflies will increase.

Babs, the Zoo's tame cassowary, has caused a sensation by laying a large green egg. It is many years since one of these birds laid in the Gardens, and, alas! Babs did not treat this interesting object in a seemly manner. As soon as she had produced it Babs decided that it looked appetising and devoured all but a small portion of the shell!

As soon as the weather becomes reliably hot the chimpanzee's tea parties are to be held again, the performers this year being an entirely new quartet of baby apes known as Peter, Fifi, Jackie, and Ivy.

Jimmy and Boo-Boo

Boo-Boo, who presided at the tea parties last summer and has now grown too big and strong to be trustworthy, has been consoled for the loss of her proud position by a marriage with Jimmy. In the days when Jimmy was the star performer at the tea parties these two were playmates, and though they had not met since Jimmy fell from grace, nearly two years ago, they remembered one another.

Their meeting was a charming sight. As soon as they were placed in the same cage they held out their arms to each other in greeting, and having hugged like two happy children they sat down side by side and exchanged news and gossip.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Score of Wool?

Twenty pounds in avoirdupois weight.

Which is the Owl That is Heard in Suburban Parks?

The Little Owl. It has a shrill, yelping cry.

What is a Hybrid in Plant Life?

Any plant resulting from the pollen of one plant fertilising the stigma of a plant of another variety, species, or genus.

Can China Tea Be Grown in the British Empire?

Yes. It is grown in Darjeeling and Assam. But each locality produces a tea of its own peculiar flavour, which arises from the soil and climate in which it is grown. Consequently some China teas cannot be grown with the same flavour in other places.

Here's the cereal kiddies enjoy



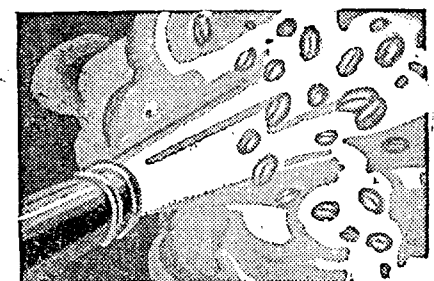
JOHN revels in Puffed Rice. "It tastes good" is his brief but adequate opinion... although he doesn't perhaps realise that Puffed Rice is the most nourishing and delicious way rice can be served.



MARY prefers Puffed Wheat. She likes the "Jolly fat grains" as she calls them, grains made easily digestible by "puffing," so that she is getting rich nourishment as well as a delightful breakfast.

Quaker Puffed Wheat contains the richness of the entire wheat grain. Puffed Rice is substantial energy food, puffed to make it completely digestible. Both ready to serve.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat. Try both—ask your family which they prefer.



FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice or wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.

PUFFED RICE

ALSO

PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.



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in Block Letters..... Children's Newspaper

FAME OF LEICESTER

City's History Comes To Life Again

Thousands of people saw the history of Leicester come to life again in the city's great midsummer pageant.

Town folk and country folk made up the 6000 performers. The play, with the pageant as its theme, was written by Mr W. E. Allen, and the producer was Mr Frank Lascelles, who is also bringing new fame to his name by the pageants he is organising in Essex and Kent.

Very old is the story told by the pageant. The city was first shown as a British village, then as the Roman town of Ratae, capital of Mercia, where the Saxons and Danes had many a conflict.

The scene quickly changed, and many grim-looking barons were seen assembling at Leicester Castle before the granting of Magna Carta. History-book figures known to everyone appeared in the third episode, when John of Gaunt gave a splendid entertainment for Richard the Second and his queen. When Chaucer and Wycliffe came on the scene there was indeed an illusion of real life.

The Parliament of Bats

Episode four showed the Parliament of Bats, so-called because the members, who were forbidden to carry dangerous arms, brought bats or bludgeons instead.

Richard the Third was next seen setting out for Bosworth Field; then came the arrival of Wolsey, who was welcomed at Leicester after his disgrace. Little Jane Grey starting on her fateful journey to London, from which, like Richard the Third, she never returned, received the sympathy of the audience as if she had been again in the flesh. Exciting times came later, when Prince Rupert stormed Leicester, a stronghold of the Roundheads.

All who saw the pageant came away richer for it, possessing something which thieves cannot steal—a new store of knowledge of the wonderful past of Old England.

THE MARSH THAT

GRANDFATHER KNEW

Taming the Embankment

The Thames Embankment has not forgotten that it was a marsh in grandfather's day.

Its roadway has never quite reconciled itself to new-fangled conditions, especially when they include tramlines. It buckles and crumples. The lines go up and down. The tram bump as they go.

The L.C.C. has resolved that this restlessness must end. The track is to be taken up, a new road-bed laid, and the memories of the Embankment's wild youth effaced by a layer of concrete.

We hope that the L.C.C. will make a better job of it than it has done with Waterloo Bridge. But a roadway is a hard thing to tame. That which runs past the Royal Hospital at Chelsea is still uneven, though relaid many times, and taxis bump on it as hansom cabs did thirty years ago.

A NOTE FROM STREATHAM

The Rev F. Barrie Flint wrote this note to The Times on June 10.

It may be of interest to record that here, at the junction of two roads, a nightingale has been singing during the last two evenings between 9 and 10 o'clock.

The bird has chosen for its perch the roof of St Anselm's Church (evidently with a didactic purpose) and is fully exposed to view, while its song continues in spite of the noise of frequent motor traffic. The clear, trilling notes may be heard for a considerable radius, and after some five or ten minutes of initiatory clucks and brief phrases it breaks into full song for nearly half an hour.

A GREAT LITTLE FELLOW

Gregory the Geologist

DOING A YOUNG MAN'S WORK AT 70

To his last hour Professor J. W. Gregory, the geologist, was adding to the world's knowledge.

None, and certainly none who knew this brave, modest, energetic man, could learn without sadness that he had been lost in the rapids of the Urubamba River in Northern Peru. It seemed such a waste of a valuable life. But if there could be any consoling thought it would be that in his life he had done such a tremendous amount of the kind of work that at its close he was still engaged in doing.

He was nearing seventy, but on this last expedition he was doing the work of a young man in leading an expedition to explore and study the volcanic and earthquake centres of the Andes, and to cross them at a height of 30,000 feet, one of the highest mountain fronts on Earth. It was hard to realise his age. He was so active and wiry, and, with all his quiet ways, so full of determination.

The Roughest Road

It might almost be said of him that he had been everywhere and seen everything. He would start off, sometimes with his daughter, on the roughest road of travel, with little baggage except that which could be carried in his hand, and no preparation but that carried in his head.

Australia knew him, and he knew Australia from Lake Eyre to Melbourne; he had been to the Antarctic and to the Arctic. Africa he had travelled from Angola to Mombasa, and had shown to the geological world the meaning and origin of the Great Rift Valley. He had explored, with his son and a Chinese escort, the Alps of Chinese Tibet.

Geology and exploration will remember him not as a mere collector of facts, but as a man who illuminated them by the light of an original and penetrating mind. He was one of those great men of whom, because of their simplicity, the world learns only when they have gone.

GREAT DECISIONS WILL BE MADE

Holding Fast at Geneva

"The Disarmament Conference is not dying, as some people would have you to believe," said Mr Henderson the other day. "It has not failed. It has indeed made very considerable progress, and the time spent, long though it may seem, has been very far from being wasted."

So declared Mr Henderson with a conviction that it was impossible to doubt; and he ought to know, if anyone does, being President of the Conference. He said it to a large group of people working in Geneva on disarmament committees, and he gave reasons for his conviction. The change in world opinion since the Conference opened is quite marked, he says, and no one now dreams of saying that nothing can be done.

"I say, therefore," said Mr Henderson, "that up till now the Conference has not failed; that while it may have seemed to some people to be dormant it has been accomplishing important and successful work. The Conference may still have months of toil before it, but I have the feeling that the moment is arriving at which great decisions will be made. Make your rulers understand that they cannot go too far for the peoples they rule in getting rid of the machinery of war and in promoting that cooperation of the peoples by which alone our future can be assured."

THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 25

Moments of Terror

"It's all right about me," said Timothy, trying to keep his eyes from the slowly sputtering fuse. "I feel the same way as you do about letting your invention be used for war. I wish we had pulled the thing off, but the next best thing is not to give in, isn't it?"

"You're sure they did not get the plans after all, Jim?" asked Mr Norton.

"Sure of it, Father," returned Jim, with a glance at where their clothes lay in neat piles in the corner of the room.

"So you did have them on you after all!" exclaimed Timothy, who had followed his friend's glance. "I wish you'd tell me, Jim—"

"Look out!" interrupted his friend. "She's going to explode!"

The three prisoners clenched their hands and watched helplessly as the fuse sputtered down to the opening in the tin.

There was a flash, a small report, and—nothing more.

"It was a fake!" gasped Timothy.

Mr Norton was staring at the tin as if he could not believe his eyes.

"I myself saw the explosive in the tin," he said. "They must have put another tin here, just like it."

The door opened and Number One entered. He looked round at the three as if expecting to see them all in a state of collapse. Mr Norton, however, was more indignant than frightened.

"What childish trick is this!" he exclaimed. "Did you suppose that my son and I and our young friend here could be frightened by a hoax like this? I have had enough of this nonsense. I demand to be released at once!"

"Because you have seen the lion playful for a moment," said Number One, "you have come to the conclusion that he is without any real claws, is it not so?"

"It is so," returned the inventor. "I dislike to remember that I ever took you and your society seriously. We have had enough of it. Release us."

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" said Number One. "I admit that I played a little trick in the hope that it would frighten you into giving me what I desire. The trick failed. You have courage. I wish you were among my company of fearless men upstairs. You might consider joining us? No! Very well, then. You shall see the lion's claws in earnest. I cannot let you go, for you would go to the police. I am sad at losing your invention. We should have made great use of it, I and my associates. But I accept defeat—and revenge myself for it."

Number One took a second tin of explosive from under his robe.

"This one," he said, smiling, "is no fake. You shall convince yourself of that, Mr Inventor, before I light the fuse."

He unscrewed the lid and held the tin out toward the inventor, who looked at it, sniffed its colour, and shook his head. The two boys who were watching eagerly saw that this time there was no hope. Number One screwed the lid on again and leaned over the table. He lit the fuse.

"I shall not be back this time," he remarked as he opened the door. "You have ten minutes of life left to you."

Jim still struggled to get at the sinister little tin with its spluttering fuse.

"I wouldn't bother," said Timothy, as soon as he had heard the door locked behind the president.

Mr Norton, who had been sitting stonily silent, looked up at him in surprise.

"There is no doubt that this one contains the explosive," he said. "I saw it."

"No, sir. You saw another tin. The man changed them under his robe," said Timothy. "I just happened to see it done. Quite a simple bit of sleight-of-hand, really."

"Then the wretches are simply trying to wear down our nerve," said Jim angrily.

"That's all," said Timothy, who was feeling the reaction of his fright. "They want those plans rather badly."

"They'll never get them." The inventor set his jaw.

"We're all together on that, sir," said Timothy. "But they'll try something else when they find this fails."

There was the sound of a key in the door. All three prepared to speak their minds when Number One should once more enter the room. To their surprise, however, it was not Number One who entered. This man had a handkerchief thrust into his collar in such a way as to conceal his number, but he was by much under Number One's height, and his voice was different.

Before speaking, however, he went to where the three heaps of clothes lay at one side of the room. He laid them carefully about the bomb in the centre of the table, each one in a neat pile, trousers underneath, shirts, socks, jacket, and shoes on top.

Then he snuffed the fuse of the pseudo-bomb out with his fingers, and took another like it from under his robe. Still without a word, he unscrewed the lid of this, and, turning it toward each of the silently watching three, he showed them the powder it contained. He even took a pinch of the powder and held it under the scientist's nose. It was the explosive right enough. Then, full in their view, with a blank, masked face, he set the tin of explosive in the middle of the table.

"This fellow means business," Timothy thought, and a cold chill ran down his spine. Something in the man's bearing looked familiar. Could it be Number Eight, who had tried unsuccessfully to get the plans from Jim? He decided it was.

Number Eight took a match from under his robe, glanced at the ceiling, and, although they could not see him smile, his movements betrayed his triumph.

"He thinks he's got them," thought Timothy. "How, I wonder. Perhaps they are all waiting above. That means that if we are blown up they will be blown up with us. But what good will that be to Number Eight, for he hasn't got the plans?"

Number Eight, holding the match and box ready in his hand, addressed Jim.

"Before I strike this match and light the fuse," he began, while Timothy wearily waited the usual question as to the whereabouts of the plans. But Number Eight did not ask the usual question. He continued, "tell me, young Norton, which are your clothes?"

Jim glanced at the three heaps of clothes before him and said nothing.

"Stubborn to the last, eh?" said Number Eight. "Well, it's easily found out."

He reached for the coat on the heap nearest him, and looked at the tailor's tab in the pocket.

"Yours, eh?" he remarked, glancing at Timothy, and dropped the coat without more interest.

The next heap was Mr Norton's, and was as indifferently left. He did not even glance at the tailor's tab in Jim's coat. He merely picked up the boots on the top of the heap, scratched his match, and lighted the fuse. Timothy, glancing at his friend, saw to his surprise that he was smiling. The door had closed behind Number Eight, and they heard the sound of the key turning.

"What did that fellow take your boots for?" cried Timothy.

"He didn't," Jim said. "He took yours."

CHAPTER 26

Delivery

"THEY got them mixed when they were searching, then!" cried Timothy.

Jim nodded, then became suddenly serious as he saw his father's face.

"We have that to be thankful for," said Mr Norton, "but not much else, I'm afraid. For this time there is no doubt the man means our death."

The fuse, burning steadily this time and without a sputter, became steadily shorter as the glowing tip approached the tin. None of the three prisoners spoke for a while, their efforts concentrated on trying to reach that wicked spot of fire. But their straining fingers slipped on the polished wood some inches away. Each of them was bound to a heavy leg of the table, and the table legs were fastened to the floor.

Suddenly Timothy, seeing the hopelessness of this attempt, changed his tactics. Instead of straining across the table, he threw himself backward toward the heavily-curtained window of the room. By straining backward he could just touch one of the velvet folds with the tips of his fingers. With the ropes cutting into his body, he tried with the greatest care to get some more of the curtain into his grasp. At last he succeeded in getting a handful, and with a sudden wrench he pulled the thick curtain, pole and all, down from the window.

"What good is that?" asked Jim.

"I don't know that it is any good," returned Timothy. "I just felt I had to do something, that's all."

"If you could throw it over the bomb," suggested Jim doubtfully.

"I fear that would be risky," said Mr Norton. "Probably in your efforts you would only fan the flame of the fuse to greater quickness."

Suddenly all turned. There had been,

Continued on the next page



... but
there's one thing
he never catches

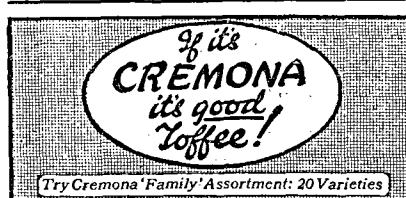
Whatever he's been up to you can depend upon it that Jeff comes home a regular pickle! And you can be sure he's packed off at once for a good Lifebuoy wash. For there's the danger of disease germs in that dirt on hands and face and knees, gathered from things he's touched. "Nothing like being sure," says mother; "and for that there's nothing like anti-septic Lifebuoy Soap. Thanks to wise habits and Lifebuoy, infection is one of the things he doesn't catch!"

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ALL applications for advertisement space in the "Stamp Collector's Corner" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

New Serial Story Begins Next Week

Continued from the previous page
unbelievably, a tap at the window-pane. Staring in at them was a small white face with a knife between its teeth!

The figure at the window tried to open it, found it was locked, and took the knife from its mouth. The knife was inserted between the upper and lower frames of the window, there was a click as the catch slipped back, the window was raised and there entered into the room—young Alfred! The three stared at him, bewildered.

"Yer uncle wants you," said young Alfred, proceeding in a business-like way to cut the ropes that bound them to the table. "He says the rag has to stop now, and you've to go home to bed. I told him I had a mind to tell the perlice, but thought I'd better tell him first. We went to the perlice together in a car with a chauffeur, we did," finished young Alfred proudly, having cut the last of the ropes.

"You going with me, or out of the front door?" asked Alfred, as the three, still speechless from their long suspense, rose and stretched themselves. Alfred went over the edge of the window-sill, and Timothy, with a glance at the others, followed him. The scientist, with surprising agility for his years, followed in the same way, and Jim was close behind him.

They ran across the cobble stones of African Court. There, at the entrance, stood Timothy's uncle.

"What's all this about a rag?" said the barrister. "This youngster here said—"

"Uncle," interrupted Timothy, "could we get away at once, please, and explain later? It isn't a rag. It's much more serious. They may be after us any minute."

"Who may be after you?" persisted the barrister. "And what are you doing in this part of town at this time of night?"

"Please, Uncle, do let us get away before I start explaining."

Young Alfred, who had scrambled already into the seat next to the chauffeur's, and had been for some moments sitting there, very erect and proud, now leaned out.

"Say, mate," he shrilled at Timothy, "wasn't that a bomb I saw on the table?"

Timothy and his two friends stiffened with consternation. In the hurry of

getting away they had forgotten all about it! Young Alfred expressed their feelings with the utmost precision. "Crikey!" he breathed. "It's a fine look-out for anybody that's left in that house."

"Wait a minute, Uncle," gasped Timothy. "It was a bomb, and it was lighted. I must go back and warn them."

"Who put it there?" asked his uncle, grasping his arm to restrain him.

"They did, sir," responded Timothy.

"They'll have saved themselves, then, whoever they may be," said the barrister.

"No, but you see, sir, it was a fake bomb the president put," stammered Timothy. "One of the members of the society, a traitor, put a real one in its place."

The barrister's face was a picture of bewilderment.

"What kind of rag is this?" he stuttered. Timothy still struggled to be gone.

"Uncle, I must—"

There was a flash and a roar, and Number 6, African Court went up into the sky and fell down again in bits. . . .

Mr Norton turned a grave face toward Timothy's uncle.

"There is a hospital just round the corner," he said. "I think it unlikely that anyone living in that house could have escaped. Still, they may have been warned and have got away in time."

The barrister gave an order to his chauffeur, who started up the engine at once, moving toward the hospital to give the alarm. The police were already on the spot.

Timothy turned to his friend, Jim. "The plans went up with the rest?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Better that way than that they should have been used for war."

"And, Jim," added Timothy, "I'd like to know where you hid them."

"Didn't you know?" asked his friend, surprised. "I thought you'd tumble to it when Number Eight snaffled your foot-gear by mistake for mine."

"Oh!" said Timothy, a light breaking in on him.

"My boots had rather thick soles, even for a country bumpkin, don't you think?" suggested Jim, smiling.

THE END

JACKO MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL

JACKO's big brother Adolphus was in a very bad temper.

All day everything had gone wrong with him, and at three o'clock he was to play in an important cricket match.

"The fellow ought to be scragged!" he declared.

"Which one, dear?" asked Mother Jacko sympathetically.

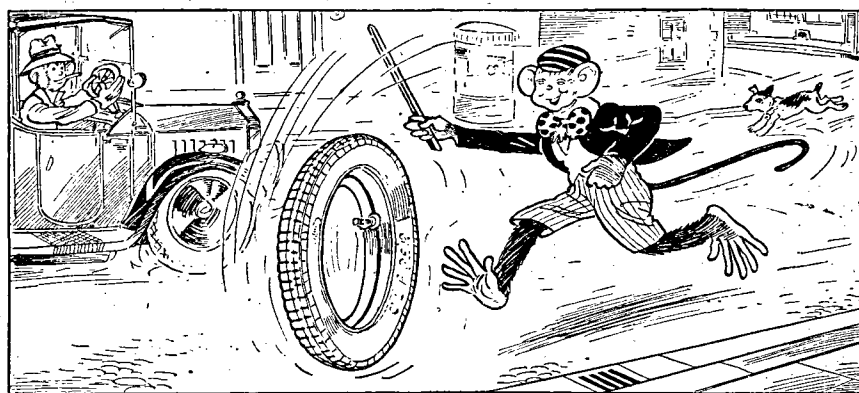
do it," he added, glancing at the clock. "We start at three and I haven't changed yet."

"I'll fetch it for you," offered Jacko.

"Do, dear!" cried his mother. "Run."

And Jacko ran. He ran all the way to the garage without stopping.

"It's a bit heavy," said the man as he handed the tyre over.



Jacko sent it bowling along like a hoop

"Mixing up the juice like that! Enough to upset any carburettor," complained Adolphus.

"He means the garage man filled up his car with the wrong kind of motor-spirit," explained Jacko with a grin.

"Oh!" said his mother. "How vexing! What happened, dear?"

Adolphus glared at her. "Oh, nothing!" he replied. "Nothing at all! Only delayed me for the best part of an hour. And as soon as I got her started again the tyre burst!"

"Haven't you a spare one?" asked his father.

"It's at the garage," Adolphus had to admit. "I don't see how I'm going to

Jacko grinned. Setting it up on end, he started it bowling along the road like a hoop.

"Go on!" he shouted, racing after it and striking it with his stick.

The tyre went on. It went too fast for Jacko, ran up against a lorry carrying an iron girder, got jammed—and, with a loud report, fell over on its side, as flat as a pancake!

"That's torn it!" muttered Jacko.

Luckily for Adolphus, a friend gave him a lift to the cricket field; and, luckily for Jacko, he made a century that day, and came home so pleased with himself that the young rascal got off more lightly than he deserved.



HOBBS the Run-Hunter!

Here's Jack waiting to dash to the opposite wicket as soon as the ball is played—his weight on his left leg, right foot just inside the crease and ready for a thrust off, bat held forward to be slid over the opposite crease.

In this week's issue of MODERN BOY, a Special Representative, who has known Jack Hobbs all his cricketing years, has some very interesting things to tell about the early experiences of the great batsman who has made 188 centuries in first-class cricket.

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July 2, 1932

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THE BRAN TUB

A Tree Problem

A GARDENER plants a tree which increases its height by half during the first year, by a third during the second year, by a fourth during the third year, by a fifth during the fourth year, and so on.

When will it be five times its original height? *Answer next week*

Early Days

Pascal. When he was a child Blaise Pascal became so absorbed in mathematics that his father hid all his books for fear the boy should injure his health.

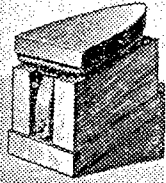
Undeterred by this Blaise obtained charcoal and boards unknown to his father and, entirely without assistance, began to work through the propositions of Euclid. He reached the thirty-second before he was found out.

He was so ignorant of the symbols and figures that he had to make up names of his own for them.

A Little Anvil

IT occasionally happens that the handyman in the home needs a small anvil for some particular work he is doing. If it is not worth

buying such an article there is a simple way of making one. Three blocks of wood are nailed or screwed together as shown in the picture, the two upright pieces being so placed that they firmly grip the handle of an ordinary flat-iron. If this wooden holder is kept in the tool-box a little anvil is always available



The Spider's Web

NEARLY 70,000 spiders would be required to produce a pound of web.

A single spider has been known to spin a thread 34,800 yards long.

About 18,000 threads would be needed to make a bundle of the thickness of a human hair.

British Snow in Summer

FEW people know that there are places in Britain where one can find snow, and plenty of it, even in the hottest summer.

After the end of June there is, in an average summer, no snow to be found anywhere in England or Wales. But in the mountain ranges of Scotland we can find snow, not on the peaks of the mountains, but in the great crevasses on the sides which happen to be facing North. Into these the snows of the winter

drift, and, owing to the aspect of the openings, the Sun can never shine directly down into the depths. Thus very heavy snow remains in these places even through the most broiling August.

A Riddle and Its Answer

WHY did the waterfall? It dashed

Right down the rocks, for how it splashed

And in its terror went so high: It saw the landslide, that is why!

Ici On Parle Français



La serrure Un homme Le camion

Elle mit la clef dans la serrure.

Un homme se présenta devant nous.

Il arrêta ce camion automobile.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in apple and also in pear,

My second's in whisker and also in hair,

My third is in rattle and also in tin,

My fourth is in noisy and also in din,

My fifth is in canter and also in race,

My sixth is in muslin and also in lace,

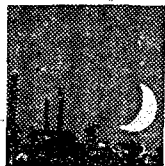
My seventh's in melted and also in fused,

My whole will be anything handled or used.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South and Mars is in the East. In the evening Jupiter is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9.30 p.m. on Thursday, July 7



In Your Head

HERE is a little problem which you ought to be able to solve without making use of pencil and paper.

Railway fares are calculated at three-halfpence a mile. Week-end tickets are issued at a single fare and one-third for the double journey. A week-end ticket between Northgate and Southgate costs 15s.

How far apart are they?

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Deal in Fruit. 15 6d. The least sum of money divisible by 1, 11, and 3 is 6d. Therefore I spent 6d on each

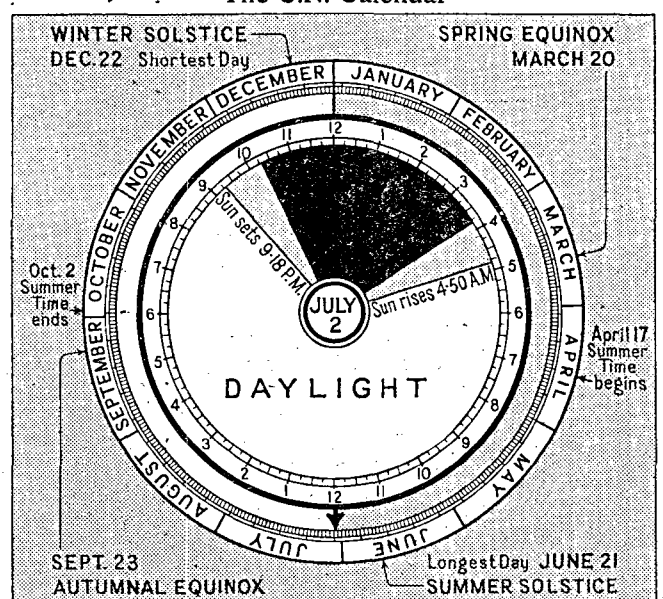
A Charade. Lark-spur.

What Animal is This? Guanaco

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

C	A	S	H	R	I	V	E	R	B	A	S	E
O	R	I	E	L	T	A	C	A	T	E	R	
E	C	R	E	T	L	A	R	R	O	W		
A	N	N	V	A	L	E	N	C	E	M	E	N
M	A	D	E	N	E	A	T	O	M	B	E	R
A	P	A	L	A	R	C	L	O	C	M		
S	A	I	L	S	S	I	R	E	L	A	T	E
S	A	N	E	R	E	B	E	L	E	Y	E	S

The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 2. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

LOTTY and Nan were twins, and each of them had a dear little apple tree growing in the garden.

In the spring the twins used to get very excited looking for buds, to see which would have the most blossom. Last year Nan had had ten apples and Lotty twenty-five, but this spring Nan's tree had been covered with apple blossom while Lotty's had only one little bunch.

"My apple tree's going to win this year," shouted Nan, dancing round it in great glee.

"Why has mine only one little bunch, Mummy?" asked Lotty.

"I don't know, darling," answered Mummy. "Perhaps it's having a rest. You see, your tree won last year."

Then one night, when the flowers had turned into tiny green apples, there was a sharp frost, and the hard



They fell and fell

little apples began to turn yellow and fall off. They fell and fell till at last there were hardly any left on Nan's tree and only three on Lotty's.

"I believe Lotty's is going to win after all," wailed Nan, picking the tiny apples up from the ground. And in the end there was only one apple left—and that was hanging on Lotty's tree!

Poor Nan was terribly disappointed. She watched Lotty enviously when she went every day to see how her apple was getting on.

By the autumn it had grown into a lovely big rosy apple, and Lotty couldn't help talking about it. But one day she found Nan crying because she hadn't a rosy apple too, so Lotty wasn't quite so happy about hers.

Then a lovely idea came to her. She got a piece of green cotton from Mummy, and when no one was looking she

Dr MERRYMAN

Good News

HOTEL GUEST: But it's only six o'clock and I told you to wake me at eight!

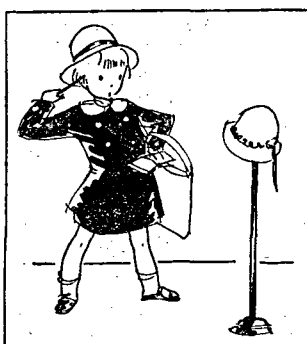
Porter: So you did, sir, but I thought you'd like to know that you have another two hours to sleep, sir.

His Unaided Work

JOHN's algebra homework was all correct, a most unusual happening. The teacher asked if there were a reason.

"Well, Father's away from home this week," was the reply.

Half a Hat



MARY JANE is very worried; She is busy writing down A note of things she'd like to buy While she's shopping in the town. She has got just two-and-sixpence, But it seems to make her frown: Can she only buy, she wonders, Half a hat with half-a-crown?

Business

SIX-YEARS-OLD would be seven next week.

"Will you give me a drum, Daddy?" he asked. "One like you gave to Cousin Bill."

"Why, Sonny?" queried Daddy.

"Well, Uncle gives Bill three-pence a week not to play it."

His Mistake

FIRST DINER: May I trouble you, sir, for the sugar basin from your table?

Second Diner: Do you mistake me for a waiter?

First Diner: No; I mistook you for a gentleman.

He Found It

THE builder's agent was showing them round a new estate. Suddenly, stepping backward, Mr Smith fell into a hole.

"I'm so sorry," said the agent, "I meant to have told you about that hole."

"Pray don't worry," replied Mr Smith as he scrambled out, "I've found it myself."

LOTTY'S APPLE

picked her apple very carefully by the stalk and tied it on Nan's tree. It took her a long time but she managed it. Then she called Nan.

"Look, Nan!" she cried. "There's an apple on your tree after all!"

Nan was too surprised to speak; but when she looked more closely she saw the cotton and knew what her kind little sister had done.

"Oh no, Lotty!" she cried, throwing her arms round Lotty's neck, "I can't have your apple. I don't mind, really."

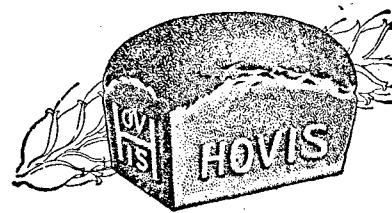
"Well," said Lotty, "I know what we'll do: we'll halve it."

They did; and they both thought they had never tasted such a lovely apple.

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